The Outlook

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The George Eliot Country

There is strong evidence that George Eliot's literary work is finding, as the years go on, growing rather than diminishing appreciation. The question is often asked, How far did she draw for her characters and their surroundings from real life? As regards her earlier novels, it seems certain that she used as material real people and real persons far more than has been known. Mr. C. S. Olcott has made a thorough study of the subject, and has had, through the courtesy of English friends in the George Eliot country, quite unusual opportunities for getting at the facts. Mr. Olcott will write for The Outlook two papers on this topic, which will be abundantly illustrated from original photographs. Much of the information included will be entirely new to readers, and it is believed by the editors of The Outlook not only that the whole will furnish a picturesque interpretation of George Eliot's novels, but that it will help positively to define her place in literature. Mr. Olcott writes: "George Eliot had a marvelous memory, and apparently could not help describing the scenes that were dear to her girlhood and the people whom she had known. She has denied that there were portraits in Adam Bede and stated that there would be none in her subsequent books. But the consensus of opinion is that she was far more realistic than she was willing to admit, and that she painted these portraits quite unconsciously. However this may be, it is certain that they add to the charm of her work instead of detracting from it."

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The Outlook

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The Philippine Assembly

On the 16th of October the first Philippine Assembly convened. It was opened by a speech of considerable length from Secretary Taft, who reiterated his previous declaration that the Philippine people were not yet prepared to govern themselves in complete independence of the American Government, and that the United States had no intention of selling the islands; at the same time he declared his faith in the people's ability to act conservatively in the exercise of the new powers conferred upon them. It is perhaps worth reporting that his personal influence was exercised in promoting the spirit of self-control by his direction that no liquor should be served at the receptions in his honor to be held at Manila. Preparation has been made for the holding of this Assembly by two years of experience in municipal and provincial self-government and by an extensive and, on the whole, successful system of public education. The powers of the Assembly are, however, limited. While, in a sense, it corresponds to our own House of Representatives or to the English House of Commons, there is coupled with it in the Government the so-called Philippine Commission, which is wholly an appointed body, and is now composed of four Americans and three Filipinos; and no act of the Legislature becomes law without the approval of this Commission, which corresponds to the Senate of the United States, or still more to the Senate of France or the House of Lords in England. The meagerness of the registration of voters preceding the election of the Assembly does not indicate that the people at large have any such anxious desire for self-government and independence as is attributed to them by portions of the American press and by certain of their own vociferous orators. The action of the Assembly will be looked forward to with interest by all students of our colonial problem, but, happily, the limitations of its power are such that it cannot greatly mar the orderly development of the islands in industrial prosperity, educational development, and political liberty.

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The Middle Path

The New York Evening Post of October 16, apropos of this Convention of the Philippine Assembly, prints two articles which might well be left to answer each other. Editorially the Evening Post is quite sure that we have not gone fast enough in conferring independence and self-government upon the Philippine people. It is, indeed, apparently of the opinion that we have no right to govern them at all, but should take our hands off and leave them to drive themselves whithersoever they will and whatsoever the result of the driving. It probably would not maintain that anybody is competent to act as chauffeur of an automobile without preliminary training, but it appears to think that any one is able to act as chief engineer of a great nation without any training at all. It very curiously cites Bishop Brent as though he were a supporter of the Evening Post, while a reference to Bishop Brent's addresses shows clearly that he represents the opposite extreme from that of the Evening Post. The Post thinks that we are going much too slow; Bishop Brent thinks that we are going much too fast. He quotes *in extenso* Lord Cromer, who, speaking of a similar problem with which the English are confronted in Egypt, urges moving forward toward liberty, but moving at "a steady jog-trot," which "should be continued, never relaxing to a walk or breaking into a gallop." Exactly in what respect we have gone too fast or how our pace should have

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been modified Bishop Brent does not say, at least in the published quotations from his addresses. In our judgment, the American Government has been very wise in organizing experimental municipal and provincial governments first and letting the national government grow out of and be based upon them. In this it has followed the history of Great Britain and the United States, in both of which nations local self-government preceded national self-government. We think also that it is very wise in keeping a quasi-veto power upon the popular assembly, as it has been kept both in England and the United States. Those who are inclined, with Bishop Brent, to criticise the Government for having moved too rapidly, should bear in mind that in a democratic country the administration must have respect to the public opinion. In our judgment, the administration of both Mr. McKinley and of Mr. Roosevelt has yielded to that public sentiment in our country which wishes to accelerate the independence of the Filipinos quite as much as it is safe to yield to it, and has moved toward Philippine independence quite as fast as is consistent with the maintenance of Philippine liberties.

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An Impolitic Union

The alliance between the Republican organization and the Independence League in the city of New York is a serious political blunder, but it is not an adequate cause for the somewhat hysterical comments which it has elicited from the New York Evening Post and the New York Times. There would be little excuse for any interference by Governor Hughes, and none for any interference by the President of the United States. The more strictly the latter adheres to his principle of not interfering in State and local politics the better; and it is a somewhat curious illustration of the vagaries of political discussions that the newspapers which have been vehemently criticising the President for interfering in State politics are now as vehemently demanding such interference from him. The agreement made is not between Mr. Parsons and Mr. Hearst; it is between the Republican County Committee under the leadership of Mr. Parsons, and the Independence League, presumably with the approval of Mr. Hearst. The public sentiment which defeated Mr. Hearst last year was not a public sentiment against the Independence League, for all its candidates but one were elected, but a sentiment against Mr. Hearst, who was ignominiously defeated. If the Republican County Committee approves substantially the principles embodied in the Independence League platform, there is no reason why the two parties should not amalgamate and make one party, but this is not what they have done. Retaining their independent organization, they have entered into a partnership to unite in their votes and divide the offices in the proportion of five offices to the Republican and six to the Independence League candidates. Political, like social, marriages should be based upon congeniality of temper and agreement in principle, not on expectation of fortune. The public had reason to hope that Mr. Parsons would represent the same stalwart adherence to principle as has characterized Mr. Hughes in State politics and Mr. Roosevelt in National politics. It is a decided disappointment to his best friends that he has failed to do so. We are inclined to think that enough Republicans and perhaps enough Independence League voters will revolt against the political betrothal to prevent the consummation on election day of the political marriage.

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Rhode Island Politics

The nomination of Lieutenant-Governor Jackson by the Republicans of Rhode Island to head the ticket in the State election this fall must be counted among the many indications of political progress in this country. Mr. Jackson has filled the position of Lieutenant-Governor for two terms, and has made a host of friends by his devotion to the public service, his all-round ability, and his disinterested and kindly spirit. No man in Rhode Island is more highly respected or has warmer friends than the Lieutenant-Governor. Through great perplexities and bitter dissensions within

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the party he has followed the straight path with the single-minded integrity of an honest man. The situation is a very interesting one. The Outlook commented last summer on the announcement of the retirement of General Brayton from the Executive Committee of the Republican State Committee. There was, however, a certain indefiniteness about the action of the Rhode Island "boss" which was quite in line with his well established political policy and purpose. For many years General Brayton has had a desk in the Sheriff's office at the State Capitol, and, although without the authority of any official position, has directed the action of the Legislature. It is an interesting coincidence that the day before Mr. Jackson accepted the nomination for Governor from the hands of the Republican party he received a letter from General Brayton in which the latter announced that, being first and always a Republican, and desirous of securing the success of the party, he will no longer occupy the Sheriff's office at the State House as his headquarters during the sessions of the Legislature, nor use that office for the purpose of transacting any legislative or political business. He adds a bit of extremely entertaining euphony when he says he has heard it intimated that Mr. Jackson hesitated to accept the Republican nomination for Governor because he feared that General Brayton would attempt to control the campaign. He therefore announces that he will not attend the Republican State Convention, and that he has no purpose of using any authority in the campaign. General Brayton's letter was dated the day before Mr. Jackson accepted the nomination for Governor; and when the latter addressed the Convention and stated his position, General Brayton's letter was in his pocket. Mr. Jackson begins the campaign, therefore, with the most serious obstacle to the success of the party, to the good name of the State and its normal political life, out of the way. His brief and straightforward address is more significant than the platform, though it was noticeable that the latter contained a specific repudiation of bossism in all forms. Lieutenant-Governor Jackson came out strongly for the granting to the Chief Executive of the State of a real veto power, so as to put the Governor in the position of exercising a positive influence; for the creation of the office of State Bank Examiner, in order that the vast amount of money deposited in savings banks and trust companies might be more securely safeguarded; for a larger legislative representation in the General Assembly from the cities of the State; and he declared, in closing, that, if elected, he would enter upon the duties of Governor untrammeled. It is an auspicious day in the history of Rhode Island when General Brayton retires from his self-appointed dictatorship, and a man of Mr. Jackson's character and spirit, with General Brayton's letter of withdrawal in his pocket, accepts the candidacy for Governor as the enemy of bossism in all its forms.

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Stock-Gambling and Innocent Investors

The sensational, and in some of its results tragic, collapse of a corner in United Copper last week might at first thought seem to have affected professional stock-gamblers alone, and one is inclined to exclaim, "Who cares whether copper bears or copper bulls win? What one set of gamblers gains another loses." But in fact no such transaction can occur without widespread injury to the community and to perfectly innocent investors—and that of last week was described by a banker as one of the most flagrant ever attempted in the history of the Stock Exchange. What actually took place, stated in a few words, was this: A notoriously speculative stock, long a football for curb deals, suddenly shot up in price from about 37 to 61—plain evidence of an attempt on the part of insiders to corner it. But this rise attracted sellers in swarms; the stock fell almost as fast as it had risen; Otto Heinze & Co., the agents for the insiders, refused to meet their buying contracts, and a firm of brokers who held such dishonored contracts to the amount of $400,000 was forced to suspend, while a movement was set on foot to have Otto Heinze & Co. expelled from the Stock Exchange. This has not yet

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been carried out, but F. Augustus Heinze, a "copper king" and brother of Otto Heinze, found it best to retire from the presidency of the Metropolitan Bank because of his intimate relations with the firm above named. Far more significant, however, was the announcement that the State Savings Bank of Butte, Montana, of which Mr. F. A. Heinze is a director and stockholder, had closed its doors. This bank was established in 1901 and had a paid-up capital of $300,000, with deposits of more than $4,000,000. So the poor people of Butte who had put their modest savings for security in a savings bank are in danger of what is to them a terrible disaster, because a gambling game in Wall Street went wrong. This is a direct consequence; the indirect one is far more wide-reaching: the collapse of the Heinze corner was instantly followed by heavy selling of industrial stocks generally, by rumors of panic and failure, and by a general straining of financial resources. To be sure, owners of stocks and bonds held for bona-fide investment do not sell at such a time, if they have cool heads and if they are not obliged to by special circumstances. Both of these "ifs," however, are large ones, and the total loss endured was doubtless serious. Such a vicious and reckless attempt to make a gambling-hell out of what should be a place for fair and legitimate dealing in values disgusts the general public with all investment in securities. The good stocks suffer with the bad; the investor distrusts all alike. The lamb will not always make an annual pilgrimage to be fleeced. In the misconduct of Wall Street deals, as in the juggling with railway finance, what is needed is publicity and responsibility. Governor Hughes put the matter in a nutshell when he said the other day, in advocating stricter insistence upon fiduciary responsibility: "It is an extraordinary perversion to suppose that the owner of fifty-one per cent of the capital stock of a corporation is free to wreak his pleasure in its management. The officer or director occupies a position of trust, not for the majority, but for the entire body, of stockholders. And while we may execute the policy which the majority desire, it must be a policy consistent with good faith and fair dealing with all."

❀

The Congregational Council

The subject that attracted most attention from the public as well as from the churches represented in the Council, whose opening we reported last week, was the proposed union with the Methodist Protestants and the United Brethren. In May, 1903, committees of conference between the three bodies seemed to have brought this so near that the Doxology was twice sung in anticipation of the result. Subsequent conferences laboriously adjusted many questions of organization, among which the most difficult arose from the difference of the Congregational polity, in which each local church is independent of external authority, from the more consolidated polity of the other parties to the proposed union. These questions had been so far settled that the joint committee agreed upon an Act of Union, and this it was which came up at Cleveland for ratification. Serious remonstrances to it were made early in the present year by a number of influential Congregational churches in New England, New York, and elsewhere, mainly on the ground that it surrendered the essential principle of Congregationalism, the autonomy of the local church—a charge which was strenuously denied. The fact seems to be that the Act of Union merely constituted a closer organization without interfering with local independence. The committee in charge devoted several days to the hearing of arguments *pro* and *con*—ninety-three speeches in all—and then unanimously reported to the Council in favor of postponing final action. This report affirms that the proposed union is desired, and will in time be accomplished, but that some particulars of the Act of Union require to be cleared of misunderstanding and criticism by further conference with the other two parties to it. These are therefore invited to unite in referring the Act to the General Council of the three Churches for the purpose of perfecting it. The adoption of this report deferred further action till

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1910. In 1908 the United Brethren will act upon the subject as it now stands, and in 1909 the Methodist Protestants, when the Tri-Church Council will have to pass upon the result before the Congregationalists meet in 1910. Though this is a sore disappointment to some ardent Congregational leaders, the discussion may have cleared the way to surmount difficulties at present insuperable.

❀

The Church and Labor

The sympathetic attitude of the churches toward organized labor in its struggle for better conditions of industrial life has been increasingly manifested during recent years. As at Columbus last May, when the Presbyterian Assembly and the trade unions fraternized in a joint meeting, so this month at Cleveland representatives of unions and of employers sympathetically discussed "The Modern Church and the Modern World of Industry" in a great meeting lasting three hours. The Cleveland Plain Dealer speaks of this as "the most remarkable series of expositions of the labor question ever heard" there. The report of the Industrial Committee of Twelve calls the attention of the churches to industrial wrongs which need righting, to the "National disgrace" conspicuous in child labor, and to "the lack of equity in the present distribution of responsibility for the maintenance of industry, and a like injustice in the distribution of its rewards." This, together with the mass-meeting above mentioned, a careful observer considers to "register a stronger social feeling, and express a purpose of social service in the industrial world we could not have realized, or even hoped for, three years ago." This fact was emphasized and the lesson of Dr. Gladden's opening sermon pressed home on the closing day by trenchant addresses on "The Church and the Industrial Problem," "The Church as the Champion of Social Justice," "The Church as Witness for Civic Righteousness." "The Church and the Immigrant," among other addresses on social questions, urged fulfillment of the still neglected Old Testament precept, "Love ye the foreigner," because of the Church's ability to make good citizens out of raw material tempted to badness. Dr. Gladden's warning that a moral crisis confronts the Church was repeatedly reaffirmed. Ex-Governor Northen, of Georgia, Bishop Galloway, of Mississippi, and Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court, spoke admirably on the race problem. The movement represented by the Civic League of Atlanta to establish race relations on a basis of Christian justice has been advocated by Governor Northen in a hundred Georgia counties. Dr. Gordon's sermon before the Board of Missions on "The Sure and Living Faith," and the address on "The Message of the Modern Minister" by Professor Vernon, of Yale, strikingly illustrated, especially the latter, the advancing emancipation of theology from traditional forms of doctrine in the interest of the vital essentials of religion. It is noteworthy that over two-thirds of the nine days were devoted to the interests of an active Christian propaganda. The Congregationalist is right in terming this Council "the most significant ever held" as yet. A cheering incident was a gift of $100,000 to the cause of foreign missions.

❀

Robert Hunt and the General Convention at Jamestown

The Episcopal Church feels the thrill of ancestral values in this memorable year as never before, and in her pilgrimage to Jamestown last week gathered her bishops, clergy, and laity, over a thousand strong, for the most solemn commemorative service the Church has ever held on American soil. Under an awning so far as might be, but mostly under trees, perhaps on the very spot where Hunt held his first service, the people gathered just as in the days of which John Smith wrote, "We did hang an awning, an old saile, to trees to shadow us from the sun; our walls were rales of wood, our pulpit a bar, nailed from tree to tree." The great congregation last week stood or knelt, reciting the same creed and prayers used by the Jamestown band. The Rev. Robert Hunt, to whom the church has just erected a memorial of bronze, was master of arts and vicar of Reculver in the County of Kent, but he "despised his comforts and yearned to go forth

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and claim savage peoples and new lands for Christ." His opportunity came when Wingfield, seeking a spiritual pastor for his expedition which "sought to propagate the Christian religion among such people as yet live in miserable ignorance and darkness," found him "truly a man not any waie to be touched with the rebellious humor of the papist spirit, nor blemished with the least suspicion of a factious schismatic." For six weeks, during which Hunt was so ill that his life was despaired of, his ship lay tossed by storms within twenty miles of his home. He was surrounded by atheists and ribald fellows who were opposed to his presence, but he would not return, "preferring the service of God in so good a voyage." He "quenched all flames of envie and dissension," and in the end won the turbulent spirits of the settlers "by his example and with the water of patience and godly exhortations." His first service on land, the communion, was distinctively one of reconciliation. In the fire that destroyed the first church he lost his library and all that he had, but never his courage. In every encounter he played the part of a man, began to build the second church with his own hands, and continued until his death to inspire the colonists to persist. Three bishops holding sees in Virginia, with one from far Honolulu, took part in the services honoring Hunt, reading from the same Bible the actual lessons read by him that day, while Bishop Lawrence spoke from the same text taken from Gospel and Epistle which Hunt repeated to his little band. Linking Plymouth with Jamestown, the Bishop spoke of their unity in principle, their sufferings and sorrows for the upbuilding of a great nation, and the spirit of Christian chivalry which found expression in both. "He that hath received the gift, let him minister the same unto others"—words used by Hunt on that first Sunday in 1607—the speaker used to urge the maintenance of the mother faith, the purity of family life, and the principles of industry for which these colonists stood, and which gave to America Presidents and bishops, statesmen and soldiers, courageous, honorable, and Christian. Here was the beginning of those moral and spiritual forces—reverence for God and a definite religion—which the old Church brought to the new land, and which have spread from shore to shore. The little vessels which landed at Jamestown carried the future of America. The lesson taught by this first missionary to American shores, "It is not enough to save ourselves, we must save others," was enforced by the Bishop of Georgia. He begged that the Church might not rest content with bronze memorials or booming cannon, but seek to continue an aristocracy of character, and attain real and permanent greatness by enlarging the bounds and adding to the depth and height of the Redeemer's kingdom. The Convention appointed a joint committee of the two houses and the Woman's Auxiliary to place on Jamestown Island a fitting and permanent memorial of this unique and memorable pilgrimage to the cradle of the Episcopal Church in America.

❀

Preamble to the Constitution and Christian Unity

In adopting last week Dr. Huntington's preamble to its Constitution, the Episcopal Church has again put upon record its faith in the essentials of Christianity, affirming, as in the Chicago-Lambeth quadrilateral, its belief in the Scriptures, the creeds, an ordered ministry, and the sacraments. The preamble adds a declaration of its belief that all who have been baptized in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are members of the Church—which should allay some prejudices and further the cause of church unity. The amended preamble reads as follows:

This American Church, first planted in Virginia in 1607 by representatives of the ancient Church of England; acknowledging the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the Word of God and the record of God's Revelation of Himself in His Son, and to contain all things necessary to salvation; holding the Catholic Creeds, to wit, the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed, to be a sufficient statement of the Christian faith; maintaining the orders of the sacred ministry in such form as from the Apostles' time they have existed; reverently conserving the sacraments ordained by Christ Himself; and accounting to be members of

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the flock of Christ all who have been duly baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, has ordained and established, for the furtherance of the work to which it has been called of God, the following Constitution.

Opposition, not entirely unexpected, was manifested to the preamble. In the term American Church one party saw an attempt covertly to change the name of the Church. Continued argument, however, demonstrated that the preamble spoke in all humility, asserting the position of the episcopal body as *a* Church in America, and not claiming that it is the only Church in America. Dr. Huntington stated that, after working for forty years to bring about church unity, he would sooner cut off his right hand than do anything to retard that movement, and denied any thought of arrogance, or of claiming what did not belong to the Church. The word American, he held, manifests to the world that the Church holds the principles of the great Protestant Reformation and is not Roman, while it obviates the danger of having the Episcopal Communion thought a mere annex to the Anglican Church. The ground was scarcely cleared for retaining the word American when the obstructionists took up the phrase, "The record of God's Revelation of Himself in His Son." A belated but interesting discussion, inspired largely by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page and the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, followed. It dwelt upon plenary inspiration and the necessity of safeguarding the Scriptures from criticism, and raged furiously within its narrow limits until an amendment inserting the word inspired was voted down and the phrase "the Word of God" inserted before "the record of God's Revelation of Himself in His Son." The preamble was passed by an overwhelming majority, and will go down to the several dioceses for approval, to be returned to the next General Convention for final affirmation. The principle of the open pulpit received the approval of the House of Deputies by the revision of a canon concerning "persons not ministers of this Church officiating in any pulpit thereof," which prohibits any one not licensed or ordained from ministering in the Church or officiating in any of its houses of worship. An amendment was offered and adopted by a large majority of the House of Deputies permitting the minister of any congregation to allow any Christian person approved by the bishop of the diocese to preach in his church. Unfortunately, this step towards true catholicity was defeated by a modification of the proposed canon by the House of Bishops, in which the Deputies refused to concur, and the matter went over until the next Convention.

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Suffragan Bishops One of the questions which it was expected would be most hotly debated by the Convention was that of the creation of a separate episcopate for the colored race. A number of dioceses, both North and South, have favored this separation of the races on grounds of general expediency and efficiency. Social conditions make it difficult for a white bishop to minister to both races, and a good many Southern Episcopalians fear for the growth of the work among the colored people, who are not developing as they might if thrown upon their own resources and encouraged to find their own leaders. It is felt by many Southerners that something must be done to foster the growth of colored congregations and stimulate their self-support. The cleavage, however, was not on sectional lines. Not all the Southern dioceses nor all the colored communicants were in favor of this change. If a new bishopric was to be created, there was a division of opinion as to whether it should be missionary or suffragan; that is to say, whether the bishops should be regarded as having the standing of missionary bishops or that of suffragan bishops, who are practically assistant bishops in dioceses already established. Episcopal jurisdiction has always been territorial, and a good many Episcopalians were doubtful about the advisability of creating a diocese within a diocese. Bishop Nuttall, of the West Indies, whose churches include a great number of colored communicants, declared that the Church of England has never felt the need of race separation for successful work among colored people. Eighteen years ago the General Conven-

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tion rejected a proposition to divide the work along race lines. There was not then, nor is there at present, any opposition to negro bishops as such. Bishop Ferguson, who is a negro, has equal authority with the other bishops in all Church matters. The Convention of 1889 refused to authorize the creation of a missionary bishop for the colored race, on the ground that it was un-catholic in practice and against the constitution of the Episcopal Church. After considerable debate, devoid, however, of the intensity which it was feared might be awakened, the matter was decided last week at Richmond by adopting the suffragan plan, with the understanding that the suffragan bishops may be either white or colored, and that, whether white or colored, they shall work under the white bishops in such dioceses as desire their services. These suffragan bishops will hold seats in the House of Bishops, but will have no vote therein. Under this scheme colored men in the Episcopal Church will be kept in close relations with their white brethren, while the diocesan bishops will control and direct their work.

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A True Bishop

The Bishop of London, who brought his visit to this country to a close last week in what the newspapers would call "a whirlwind campaign," has endeared himself to all sorts of people and commanded the respect and interest of everybody who heard him. He is an extraordinary illustration of the fact that a man's power and influence rest on his personality, and that, if he touches men by his vitality and the contagious quality of his ideas, they care very little about his creed or his theological position. Probably very few people know that Bishop Ingram is a pronounced High Churchman and holds advanced views concerning the authority of the Church, the priesthood, and the sacraments. They were quick to discover, as all London found out years ago, that he is a man of burning zeal, with the spirit of an apostle and the soul of a Christian; a swift and persuasive messenger of the Christ whom he worships. Coming to this country as the successor of the bishop in whose care was the first Episcopal church in America, he has preached in many cathedrals and prominent churches of his own faith and order in Canada and in the United States. He has spoken from the steps of buildings, in the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, in American colleges and universities, and to groups of men, and everywhere he has enforced with singular freshness and power of conviction the Gospel of which he is a preacher. A crowded congregation listened to him in Trinity Church, where the background and surroundings were familiar to him and in harmony with his own point of view, and he spoke last week, just before his departure, from the Custom-House steps in Wall Street, beside the Rev. William Wilkinson, the evangelist. The street was packed with listeners from side to side. Mr. Wilkinson called for Captain Hogan, in command of the police, and presented him with a Bible, and a moment later, on introducing Bishop Ingram, presented the latter with a copy of the Book of Common Prayer. The great crowd recited in unison the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer, and listened to an address by the Bishop, notable for directness, homely simplicity, and incisive teaching. "There was a small boy standing in the street in a London fog," the Bishop said. "He held a piece of string in his hands. 'What have you there, my boy?' asked a passer-by. 'I'm holding my kite,' he replied. 'How do you know that you have a kite; you can't see it?' he was asked. 'I can feel it,' was his answer. Now, we're all believing in something we can't see. We can't see God, or Jesus Christ, or heaven, but we can feel the pull of them. First, this pull is on the intelligence. If there is a trace of mind in the plays of Shakespeare, which were not made by shuffling together a lot of sheets of paper, there is a mark of mind in this creation. I know there's a mind back of it all. I defy any one to show us how we got our sense of right and wrong save through the Being that created us, and we shall surely answer to him." When Emerson was once asked why he went to hear a certain Methodist preacher, he answered that he always listened to men who knew the

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Lord. Of this company the Bishop is a conspicuous member. His visit has made a point of vital contact between England and America; and his presence and voice have been an inspiration wherever he has been seen and heard.

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M. Clemenceau and Anti-Nationalism

The attempt of a group of French Radical Socialists to turn internationalism into anti-nationalism, and to treat patriotism as an outgrown virtue of the past, reported in these columns three weeks ago, has met with a decided rebuff, and assisted in setting in motion a strong wave of patriotic feeling among Frenchmen. It will be remembered that one of the leaders of this group, M. Hervé, formerly a college professor, and author of a history of France which omits as far as possible all reports of battles, declared that the Socialists ought to urge the desertion of soldiers in times of peace, and the insurrection of the working classes against any government which should declare war against another. The French Premier, M. Clemenceau, who was formerly regarded as a pronounced Radical, and of whom his political opponents have spoken in recent times as an extreme Socialist of the destructive type, lately made a speech at Amiens in which he eulogized M. Goblet, a Radical who was a member of several Ministries and once a Premier, as both a reformer and a patriot, a man who favored marked changes in the social organization, but who never would have taken the ground held by Professor Hervé. On the 10th inst. a Congress of French Radicals and Radical Socialists was held at Nancy to settle their attitude towards M. Clemenceau's policy of keeping the country prepared for war. After a heated debate, the Congress, by a large majority, adopted a resolution urging electors to defeat all candidates who favored the weakening of the French army. This means a split in the Socialist party in France, and a withdrawal of support from Professor Hervé and M. Jaurès, for their views were energetically repudiated by the Socialist Congress at Toulouse. It also means, probably, additional strength to the present Ministry. Acting in sympathy with M. Clemenceau, M. Briand, the Socialist Minister of Public Instruction, has not hesitated to condemn the Hervé movement as having nothing to do with true Socialism, for it belongs to Anarchy. That a severe blow has been dealt to the inconceivably foolish attempt of M. Hervé and M. Jaurès to secure the adoption of an anti-patriotic policy is evident from the tone of a public statement addressed to the Government by M. Jaurès himself, in which he tells the Ministers that unless they accept arbitration in all cases they are murderers, bandits, scoundrels, and that it will be the duty of the lower classes to rise against them. The soldiers of France, he declares, instead of killing their fellow-workmen in opposing armies, should destroy the men of their own country who misgovern them. The French love abstract propositions, and are ready to follow the logic of a principle of a position to the bitter end; but they have always been ardent patriots, and the attempt to separate the proletarians from their fellow-citizens by arraying them in an anti-national position and making them the theoretical exponents of treason was so preposterous that it cannot but greatly diminish the influence of the leaders of the movement. Instead of weakening the Premier it has given him an opportunity of consolidating his strength and of adding greatly to his prestige.

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Transatlantic Wireless

On Thursday of last week a regular wireless telegraph service across the Atlantic was instituted by the inventor of the system, Mr. William Marconi. The terminal stations are at Glace Bay on Cape Breton Island, and at Clifden in Ireland. According to the statement of Mr. Marconi, in the first twenty-one hours thirteen thousand words were sent by wireless to Europe and two thousand words received in return. The opening of the stations for regular business marks the emergence of transoceanic wireless telegraphy from the experimental stage. It is two years since the first message was successfully sent across the Atlantic. In

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a statement issued at the end of the first day's business Mr. Marconi said:

> Transatlantic wireless telegraphy is a success. Transmission across the ocean is now regular and accurate, and will be continuous. On the scientific end everything is successful, but our connections and organization must be perfected before we can hope to handle a large amount of business. It should be understood that we do not at present pretend to be able to compete with the cable companies. We cannot for the present accept any press messages other than those for papers with which we have made contracts. We handled a few stock exchange reports to-day, but do not want many private messages. Later we shall probably handle press reports for all papers, but not now.

Mr. Marconi has certainly accomplished a wonderful achievement; but there are two problems which remain to be solved before long-distance wireless telegraphy will realize its greatest usefulness. The first is the question of the speed of transmission. The present maximum rate is said to be twenty words a minute, which by no means equals the possible rapidity of the submarine cable. If the equipment now in use cannot equal the capacity of a single cable, it will obviously be some time before the wireless system can hope to rival the twelve or thirteen cables in service between America and Europe. The second problem arises from the danger of interference between impulses transmitted simultaneously from different stations. Connected with this is the question whether it is possible to so "tune" the waves given off by the transmitting instrument to the receptive power of a given receiver that the message cannot be "overheard" or "stolen" by another—possibly rival—station. It is not clear whether this problem of interference and "leakage" has been satisfactorily solved by Mr. Marconi. But it is certain that immense progress has been made in the development of the wireless system since its invention. The Marconi Company feels itself fully able to compete with the cable companies in point of the price of messages. It has been announced that the rate for press despatches will be five cents a word, and for ordinary messages ten cents a word. If the company shall succeed in increasing its capacity to the necessary extent without increasing the cost of its service, and in making its transmissions certain and secret, the cable companies may well fear its competition.

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The New Torpedo-Boat Destroyers

The United States Government has just awarded contracts for the construction of five torpedo-boat destroyers. They will represent the latest design in that valuable type of war vessel. It is probable that there will not be built any more so-called torpedo-boats, as the destroyer—of greater displacement, more speed, and larger radius of action and increased hitting power—has driven the smaller boat from the sea. The contest which is continually going on in the machinery of destruction early placed the destroyer in rivalry with the torpedo-boat, with the result that the torpedo-boat is of restricted value. The new destroyers will have an innovation in their equipment in the form of motive power. They are the first of the boats of their class to be equipped with turbines, the successor of the reciprocating engines which have hitherto been used on ships of war. The turbine is expected to give greater speed, although it does not, the experts say, possess the means of economy in speed which is desired in the case of cruising vessels. The destroyer, however, is a ship which is apt to proceed at a maximum speed on all occasions, since the nature of its duty calls for quick attack and an equally mobile retreat. The speed of the destroyers will be twenty-eight knots. Some of the experts thought that this was altogether too little speed for such boats to have, especially as the English and German naval designers had built two destroyers which burn oil instead of coal, and made a speed of thirty-three knots or more on the trial trips. This situation, of course, required due consideration, which was given it by the designers, along with those officers who make a specialty of the strategic qualities of a war-ship. The twenty-eight-knot rate was determined upon with the expectation that the hull lines of the new destroyers would in all probability insure a speed of twenty-nine knots. This is deemed sufficient for the actual needs of practical

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warfare, for it is remembered that a great spurt, such as anything more than thirty knots, is apt to be attained only on trial trips where the conditions are most favorable. It was reasoned that it would be better to have a twenty-eight or twenty-nine knot destroyer, which would go twenty-eight or twenty-nine knots all the time, than to have one which would be racked to pieces on a greater speed. Much the same consideration induced the designers to determine in favor of provisions for burning coal instead of oil as the fuel. In the case of the American destroyers, their station is apt to be some distance from the sources of supply, especially when they are attached to the Asiatic station. Oil will be no cheaper than coal if there is any such demand for oil as there is for coal, so that that feature is apt to be eliminated. The British navy, which uses oil for its destroyers, obtains that material from the Texas fields, so there must be more or less dependence upon foreign sources of supply in the case of Europeans, a feature which is not desirable in time of war. Besides, there is a chance that the oil tank, where the liquid fuel is stored, will be a vulnerable object of attack on the part of a foe, which will realize that a destruction of the reservoir of this fuel would put the boats depending upon it out of service. It is for this reason that the American destroyers will have a speed not as great as the abnormal speed of the foreign destroyers and will stick to coal.

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The Reclamation of the Tip

The demoralizing tip has lost its corruptibility. It has been officially established, and may be assumed to have lost in viciousness and gained in virtue by its recognition by the United States Government. It has obtained the approval in turn of the Paymaster-General of the Navy, the Acting Secretary of the Navy in the absence of the Secretary of the Navy, the Auditor for the Navy Department, and the Assistant Comptroller of the Treasury. They have all passed upon it in its relation to necessity and to the revised statutes, and have pronounced upon its integrity and merit. In this particular instance, which may be taken as a precedent for governmental custom, it was desired to establish a schedule of allowances which would be permitted to commissioned officers and enlisted men of the United States navy when traveling at home and abroad under orders. There is no more ticklish question with which the auditing officials of the Government have to do than that which contemplates the reimbursement by the Government of officials or officers for their outlay when proceeding by rail or boat on Government business. It has always been difficult to draw the line between the necessary and legitimate and the luxurious and inadmissible. Tips in the old days were unheard of. They were regarded as a dispensation of largess which must be personal and not in any sense official. This is now changed. The tip is formally implanted, with whatever harm it may do to that part of the social fabric which is submitted to that gratuity. It is interesting to know, as a basis of unofficial action in the same line, just what the Government regards as legitimate in tips, which have come to be promulgated as the unavoidable taxation of governmental travel. The tips at hotels in this country may amount to fifty cents a day, or $2.50 per week when an officer is staying at the same hotel. Tips on the railroad may amount to fifty cents per day, with twenty-five cents for those trips which consume less than five hours. For those traveling outside the continental limits of the United States, the hotel tips may amount to seventy-five cents per day, or $3.50 per week at one hotel. The fees for sea travel on the Atlantic are $1.50 per day for six days or less, a total of $10 for from seven to ten days' trip, with the rate of $1 per day for periods greater than ten days. On the Pacific, the per diem tip is $1 for fifteen days or less, with a total of $20 for twenty days or longer. The tips during travel to the West Indies, Cuba, or Panama may amount to $1 per day. The journey from the Asiatic station to the United States by way of Suez is represented by a total fee of $20 in the way of gratuities. There are the usual allowances for hotel bills of from $5 to $6 per day, with the

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phraseology changed so that hereafter the traveler within his limit may enjoy the comfort of a bath, a feature not hitherto included in the allowance. But the tip has evidently come to stay.

❀

Just and Reasonable

The decision of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Philadelphia, that the law fixing the passenger rate on all railways of that State at two cents per mile is unconstitutional and therefore void, is of public interest not so much because it decides that specific question as because in that decision is involved a legal judgment on other questions of far greater importance. For that decision is put upon the ground that this rate is unjust and unreasonable because the figures which the Court has examined, and which the Legislature unfortunately did not examine, show that this rate would give an inadequate rate of interest on the actual capital invested by the railway company in its plant. But in order to consider this question at all the Court had first to determine certain precedent questions, and The Outlook frankly confesses that it is pleased to find that in its consideration of these questions the Court affirms as law the principles for which The Outlook has for years contended in its discussion of the railway problem. We here state these principles as they are affirmed by the Court:

I. The Legislature has a right to regulate the charges of those engaged in public service.

II. This regulation must be just and reasonable. It must not amount to a confiscation of the property of the corporation engaged in such service.

III. The question whether any specific regulation is just and reasonable is one to be decided by the courts, which are always to presume the reasonableness of the regulation until the reverse is shown.

IV. A just and reasonable rate is one which gives a fair return upon the value of the property employed in the public service, neither more nor less, and this implies a profit equal to the legal rate of interest.

V. The Legislature may by specific legislation abandon its right to regulate the charges of a public service corporation, but such waiver is purely personal, and cannot be transferred by lease or sale to any other corporation.

VI. Congress has the exclusive right to regulate inter-State commerce, and, since it has undertaken to regulate inter-State railway rates, the State Legislatures have no right to meddle with that matter; but this does not prevent them from regulating rates on traffic within the State.

The Outlook ventures to question the principle laid down in paragraph V. above. Rights may be waived, but not duties. It is the duty, not merely the right, of the Legislature to protect both the citizens and the railways from unjust and unreasonable treatment, and this right the Legislature cannot forego. If one session pledges itself not to exercise this right, that cannot exempt the next session from exercising it. With this exception, we welcome the decision of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia as an admirable statement of fundamental legal principles by which alike railways and the people ought to be governed in dealing with the railway question. They will appear to the unprejudiced layman as themselves "just and reasonable."

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The Woman who Went to Church

Last week we gave our critics an opportunity to present their reasons for thinking that church sociability should be combined with church worship. Without answering them in detail, we make their correspondence an occasion for restating our own position.

There are two, and only two, functions which are essential to a Christian church: it must furnish an opportunity for united worship and for religious instruction. If it furnishes only the instruction, it is only a lecture hall; if only the social worship, it is only a place of prayer. Whether it will assume other functions or not depends upon a variety of circum-

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stances—the age, the condition and needs of the community, the temperament of the people who attend. In the first century there was little purity in politics, no organized charity, few schools and none for the common people; and social gatherings were given over to sensuality and lust. The primitive churches therefore became centers of political reform, organizations for the distribution of charity, institutions for the promotion of learning, and relatively pure and wholesome social clubs. These were subsidiary and incidental functions, and as the spirit of Christianity has pervaded the community the church has largely turned them over to other organizations. Bishops are no longer mayors of cities and governors of provinces. The community, by uniting in unecclesiastical charitable organizations, renders better provision for the poor of our great cities than the churches could do acting as separate church organizations. The public school furnishes a more wholesome and efficient education than the parochial school. And in many communities the spirit of temperance and of brotherhood finds better expression in fellowships, organized and unorganized, outside the church than in the so-called "church sociables." Worship and instruction are as essential to the life of the church as they were in the first century; political administration, charity distribution, secular education, the social gathering, are not. There are communities in America where the church as an organization may profitably take direct part in political reform, or may assume to be the almoner of the community's charities, or may supplement the public school by a school of its own; and so there are communities where it is the only vital and healthful social organization. But whether it will assume any of these functions or not depends upon circumstances. There is no universal duty imposed upon it to assume any one of them. Its specific function is the conduct of public worship and the giving of religious instruction. Every one in the community has a right to demand that it shall do these two things; no one in the community has a right to demand that it do anything else.

The church of Christ is, or ought to be, the church of the community, not merely the church of the pew-owners, as the school is the school of the community, not merely of the taxpayers. The pew-owners do not pay for a service to be rendered to themselves; they endow a church to render a service to the community. Every member of the community has a right to attend the church, and to expect, if he be decent and well-behaved, to be welcomed to a participation in its services, not as a guest by a host, but as a member of the community by an institution endowed for the benefit of the community. Here his right ends. He has no right to treat the church as a club, and demand that he be admitted to the social privileges of the club, any more than he has a right to demand the price of a meal out of the contribution-box, or a provision for the education of his children.

Moreover, in those cases in which the church is furnishing social fellowship as well as public worship and religious instruction, it must always be a question whether they are to be furnished at the same time. Our correspondents are of a social temperament, and want a chance for social converse after service. But they must remember that there are others who are not of a social temperament, who prefer solitude to society, and still others who, though of a social temperament, prefer, perhaps for that very reason, to go quietly home from church and reflect on the lesson they have learned and harbor the inspiration which they have received, and who find that stopping to shake hands and be sociable dissipates the impression of the service. The recluse has his rights, and the meditative soul has his rights, and neither is to be deprived of those rights by the demand that they shall deny themselves the religious instruction and inspiration for which they came to church by undertaking social obligations which to them belong to a different time and place.

The Outlook, therefore, reaffirms its statement that the purpose of the Christian churches "is not to provide social entertainment of any kind through their religious services, but rather to give to the community and to all who desire it

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the opportunity for hearing the truth and worshiping the Eternal."

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Hague Achievements

The closing sessions of the Second International Peace Conference at The Hague occurred last week. The New York Evening Post, in its statement that the Second Conference "has but a meager array of actual achievements to submit," doubtless represents a popular feeling. It is due to the fact that the results attained are less than the ideals hoped for. But are they meager? Repeating in part information which we gave our readers in The Outlook for October 5, we here briefly summarize those results.

The Conference has failed to provide for a regularly recurring Conference or International Parliament, but has provided for the automatic recurrence of the Conference within eight years. It has failed to constitute a purely judicial tribunal in lieu of the present quasi-judicial, quasi-diplomatic Court of Arbitration, but it has declared in favor of such a tribunal, leaving the difficult problem of its construction to the future. It has failed to frame a general arbitration treaty, but unanimously declared its belief in the principle of obligatory arbitration. It has also failed to proclaim the inviolability of private property at sea in time of war, to furnish a definition of contraband binding on all nations, and an official definition of what constitutes a blockade.

These are its failures; what are its successes? In addition to minor matters, it (1) has established the inviolability of neutral territory and the right of asylum in that territory for prisoners of war; (2) has prohibited belligerents from establishing wireless telegraph stations in neutral territory; (3) has prohibited belligerent ships of war either to revictual in neutral ports except to complete their normal supplies, or to take fuel except in order to reach the nearest port of their own country; (4) has provided that henceforth hostilities may not begin without a previous declaration of war or an ultimatum with a conditional declaration; (5) has directed that a state of war must be notified without delay to the neutral Powers, and may be given by wire; (6) has revived the three declarations of 1899, which had lapsed five years thereafter, namely, prohibitions to drop projectiles from balloons, to diffuse deleterious gases, or to use expanding bullets; and (7) requires indemnification by any belligerent who violates any of the laws of war. It has also established certain important rules for the regulation of sea warfare. Thus: (8) It has provided a definite period of grace to be allowed to belligerent merchantmen in an enemy's ports at the outbreak of hostilities; (9) it has prohibited the use of mines for the purpose of restricting commercial navigation, and the use of floating mines, except those so constructed as to become innocuous within an hour after having passed beyond human control, and also the use of anchored mines which do not become innocuous after they have broken their moorings; (10) has prohibited the bombardment of undefended places; (11) has insisted upon the inviolability of fishing boats and of the postal service; (12) has ratified the humanitarian recommendations of the Geneva Red Cross Conventions of 1906, and has added others; (13) has provided for the humane treatment of captured crews; and (14), more important than all, because foreshadowing the larger issue of a more permanent general Tribunal, it has established an international prize court, in which unlimited right of appeal is given in cases where neutrals are concerned. (15) Finally—and this decision alone would compensate for the time and money expended in this Conference—it has agreed that one nation shall not attempt forcibly to collect a debt claimed by its citizens from the Government of another nation unless there shall first be an offer by the creditor country to submit the question of the indebtedness to arbitration.

These agreements have yet to be ratified by the signatory Powers and so converted into a general international treaty. They are now only agreements to make such a treaty. But they will not

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seem to the historian of the future "meager achievements."

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The Spectator

The Spectator has a friend who has a garden—a garden in a glen by the sea. It is a garden of delights, from the sundial and the stone seat at the end of the broad grass path at one end to the terrace with its antique urns and its blossoming vines at the other. White fantail pigeons strut and coo on its gray dovecote, raised high on a stone pillar, and its vine-hung and rose-draped pergola is one of those things of beauty that are a joy forever. It is a friendly garden. All sorts of pleasant things happen in it. There is reading aloud in the pergola; there are garden teas when the roses and iris are in their glorious June bloom—arches of roses and fringed pools of iris, for everything is in profusion. The gray rocks on each side look down on one full tide of flowers after another, one continually changing picture of beauty, from the first burst of color and fragrance in the spring to the last brave, glowing blossoms of autumn. Like all perennially charming things, this garden inclosed is never quite the same from one day to another. There is always something new about it, and yet always the same familiar charm.

❀

This summer the mistress of the garden had an inspiration. It came to her through visiting a cousin living in one of the villages with an artistic atmosphere that are prevalent in New England. This cousin had had a dramatic reading of the Book of Job under the apple-tree in her garden, and had made some simple but artistic costumes for the neighbors who took part. The Spectator's friend came home, went into her garden, saw Job and his three friends grouped (in her mind's eye) on a wide, flat gray rock beside the pergola, and immediately sent for the costumes and ordered a dozen copies of Job in the Temple Bible edition. To read Job, as a drama, out of the chopped-up and numbered verses of the King James version is possible, of course, but requires a mental effort which the "Temple" and the "Modern Reader's Bible" versions entirely relieve.

❀

The Spectator confesses that, though theoretically a profound admirer of Job, he had never studied its argument or its dramatic structure until he was privileged to assist at this garden rendering of it. It is not an offhand and easy thing to prepare such a presentation. The book had to be carefully read over, with commentaries at hand, and the long speeches cut so as to preserve the necessary connection of each speaker's argument. Then no familiar quotation must be left out—and it is surprising, even to those who know how the Bible permeates our English speech, to find the many familiar expressions that have come from the Book of Job. "Why, I thought that was from Shakespeare!" cried one listener again and again. The reading, it was decided, must come within an hour, and one blue penciling was followed by another until this result was achieved, leaving each character mournful over certain beautiful lines struck out of his part. Job's wife and Satan were the only ones whose lines were not cut. Books on Oriental customs, salutations, etc., were studied next, and Tissot's Life of Christ, with its wealth of accurate pictures of the Holy Land and its people, was gone over again and again. Through all this study the great "Epic of the Inner Life," as Genung so well terms it, rose and rose higher in the minds of the group of readers. Its majesty and its meaning became greater each day. The Spectator would suggest to any Bible class that wishes to study and realize Job that it should beg or borrow a garden and try a dramatic reading.

❀

On the appointed day the garden was open to a chosen number of guests, seated so as to command the rock where the readers were to be grouped. It was a perfect summer day, though summer, technically, had been over for a week or two. A great stalk of auratum lilies, blooming out of season, a law unto itself, rose just behind the rock. Behind it,

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again, was a line of tall clustered sunflowers, waving in the occasional breeze against the gray, cedar-crowned crag that shut in the garden on that side. An Eastern water-bottle and gourd, hanging from a crotched stick, and a bit of sackcloth laid over the rock, were the only properties. The "Prologue," in ordinary costume, sat at the entrance of the pergola, book in hand, and rose to begin the reading when all the guests were seated. Up on the crag, concealed by the gnarled cedars, the readers who represented the Voice of the Lord and the Voice of Satan were waiting to begin their parts. As the Prologue proceeded their voices came on the warm, still air as if out of the sky. As they ceased, Job, tall and stately in his Oriental robes, and followed by his wife in rich embroideries and snowy veil, came up the grassy walk from the sun-dial, and took his position on the rock just as the four messengers came running up the different paths toward him, each prostrating himself with a new tale of disaster and bereavement. Then, as they departed, Job, stricken yet submissive, lifted his hands to heaven:

"Naked came I out of my mother's womb,
And naked shall I return thither:
The Lord gave,
And the Lord hath taken away;
Blessed be the name of the Lord."

❀

It was a fine moment, but not by any means the most dramatic of the reading. For the man of Uz and his wife retired, and the colloquy in the air was a second time taken up. Job appeared again, this time clad in sackcloth and leaning heavily on his staff, and his wife, despairing and defiant, cried out to him, "Curse God, and die!" and received his solemn rebuke. Then, her veil over her face, she withdrew as the three friends appeared, greeting each other and Job with many formal salutations, and sitting down with him upon the rock to argue with him on his supposed sins, which had brought his downfall.

It was a beautiful and harmonious group in the full afternoon sunshine in the hush of the garden. Far back, below the pergola, the dropping water of the basin of the goldfish and the lotus could be faintly heard, and the pigeons cooed and strutted on their cote. The old, old arguments of the prehistoric Calvinist, the old impassioned cry of the suffering heart to the God it cannot understand, but to whom it holds fast—these rose and fell across the sunny air. There was no effort at elocution; the reading was clear, simple, dignified, and dramatic only because inevitably and naturally so. The Spectator carries away as the climax of the whole the moment when Job, rising, and lifting eyes and hand to heaven, began his declaration of unshakable faith, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Other moments, such as the "oath of clearing," were impressive, but none quite like this.

❀

Elihu came and stood below the rest, a vivid figure in indigo and saffron, with dull green sash. The Voice of the Lord came again at last from the crag; the group dissolved from the rock, and Job and his friends went their ways, pacing down the paths of the garden. The epilogue was read and ended. But there was left in the garden a hush, a sense of something sacred. The Spectator, for one, can never sit there again without remembering the voices from the rock and in the air—the tumult, the suffering, the appeal, the final abiding peace. And he has copied the favorite verses of the Mistress of the Garden in his copy of Job:

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot—
Fringed pool—
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God? in gardens? when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign—
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

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A MOORISH CAFÉ BY THE ROADSIDE, ON THE HIGH PLATEAUX
The natives sit for hours at these places, sipping Turkish coffee and smoking

ALGERIA BY AUTOMOBILE

BY EDWIN ASA DIX

I.

BARBARY has submitted to many invasions. The last and most peaceful is invasion by gasoline.

There would seem to be an inherent incongruity between a Moor and a motor-car. The two appear incommensurable, to borrow a term from mathematics. It seems disrespectful to Mohammed and Sidi Okba and Abd el Kader to view this land of theirs through automobile goggles.

We cannot but feel this, as we roll out through the streets of Algiers in a tried and stanch 24-horse car on a bright March morning, bound for the inland hills and the desert beyond. It seems a profanation of the immemorial gravity of the Orient to have Arabs scurrying to one side of the road at sound of the warning "honk, honk." But they scurry with promptitude, showing that Arab and automobile already have a bowing acquaintance. We are by no means the first to adventure on such a trip, others before us having rightly concluded that Algeria signifies France and France signifies good roads.

One thinks of Algeria as, even in winter, a warm, sub-tropical country, where summer reigns more or less supreme. But this is nine-tenths a mistake. That is to say, nine-tenths of habitable Algeria is a high plateau, from two thousand to nearly four thousand feet in altitude, and correspondingly cold in the cold season. Algiers and the other port towns of course lie directly on the sea-level. But close behind them rises the long, wide tableland of the Atlas,

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running east and west from Tunis to Morocco; mountainous on its north and south edges, high and barren and mostly treeless between. This tableland forms almost the whole bulk of northern Algeria. Beyond it to the south comes a sudden drop again to the level of the desert.

Consequently we start from Algiers City, this sunny March morning, well equipped with heavy clothing and rugs, knowing that they will later be called into requisition.

The plan is to travel eastwardly, then climb this high middle plateau, and traverse it southwardly to a spot in about the center of the long southern mountain-rim, where we can descend by a natural gateway to Biskra in the desert; then to climb the plateau again through the same gateway, go north to Constantine, and thence eastward to Tunis—a thousand-mile journey in all.

Just beyond the outskirts of the city we run over a hen. We are sorry for this at first; but the Major, who claims to be a lineal descendant of an old Roman haruspex, or soothsayer, examines the remains and declares that they unmistakably indicate a highly successful trip. His augury proves correct, and we learn to consider it well worth the cost of the hen—three francs.

A little farther on a donkey develops an attack of nerves and throws its Arab rider. The tour seems to be opening with accidents. It ends without them, in compensation; for, barring two or three inevitable punctures, we meet with no real mishap during all of the long and varied journey.

Our way for the first day lies eastwardly to Bougie. It proves a much longer and more difficult day's journey than had been described to us. In fact, we had not found it easy to obtain correct automobiling information in Algiers. The guide-books have not yet made it an integral part of their system of edification, and the local authorities were optimistic and general in their predictions and prescriptions. This run to Bougie keeps us for eleven hours on the way, nearly ten being occupied in actual travel. High speed beyond Tizi Ouzou, the midday halt, is quite impossible over the greater part of the distance, for the road winds up and down over a long, irregular series of mountain spurs, bosky with cork forests, but whitened, even in this month of March, with a thin, treacherous layer of snow. For fully sixty or seventy miles it traverses a barren, desolate country, without a hamlet or a house in the near or far distance. A delaying accident in this region, occurring during the waning afternoon, might prove a disagreeable experience, for one would hesitate to take these slippery curves after nightfall even by the light of the acetylenes, and the only alternative would be to pass the night as comfortably as might be in the car. We agree that it would in general be decidedly advisable to spend a night at Tizi Ouzou, and so have a full day to negotiate this semi-Alpine bit of Kabylia.

But what interesting road scenes we meet along the way!—especially on the morning's levels. Every Arab in Algeria, every Berber in the Djurdjura, seems to be going somewhere on this particular day. They throng the roads, wrapped in their white wool or cotton burnouses, walking, or perched on their diminutive donkeys. In Tizi Ouzou they are holding some sort of fair or market, and the village square appears to be the scene of an animated sheet-and-pillowcase party on a rather large scale. They crowd around the car while we lunch in the garden of the inn; they watch with uncomprehending attention the taking in of new supplies of *essence;* they scrutinize each detail of the equipment, speculating among themselves as to its purpose and use; they regard us, the unaccountable Roumi travelers, with hopeless perplexity, as they have doubtless regarded other motor tourists before us. How this strange and complicated mechanism works, and why we want to have it work—why we Franks like to go roaring purposelessly through the country at twenty or thirty or forty miles an hour—these be unsolvable mysteries. Only Allah is great.

Bougie proves to be a tidy little seaport with a tidy little hotel, and a good night's rest effaces the fatigue of those ten lengthy hours. Now the road, after following for a while the promontories of

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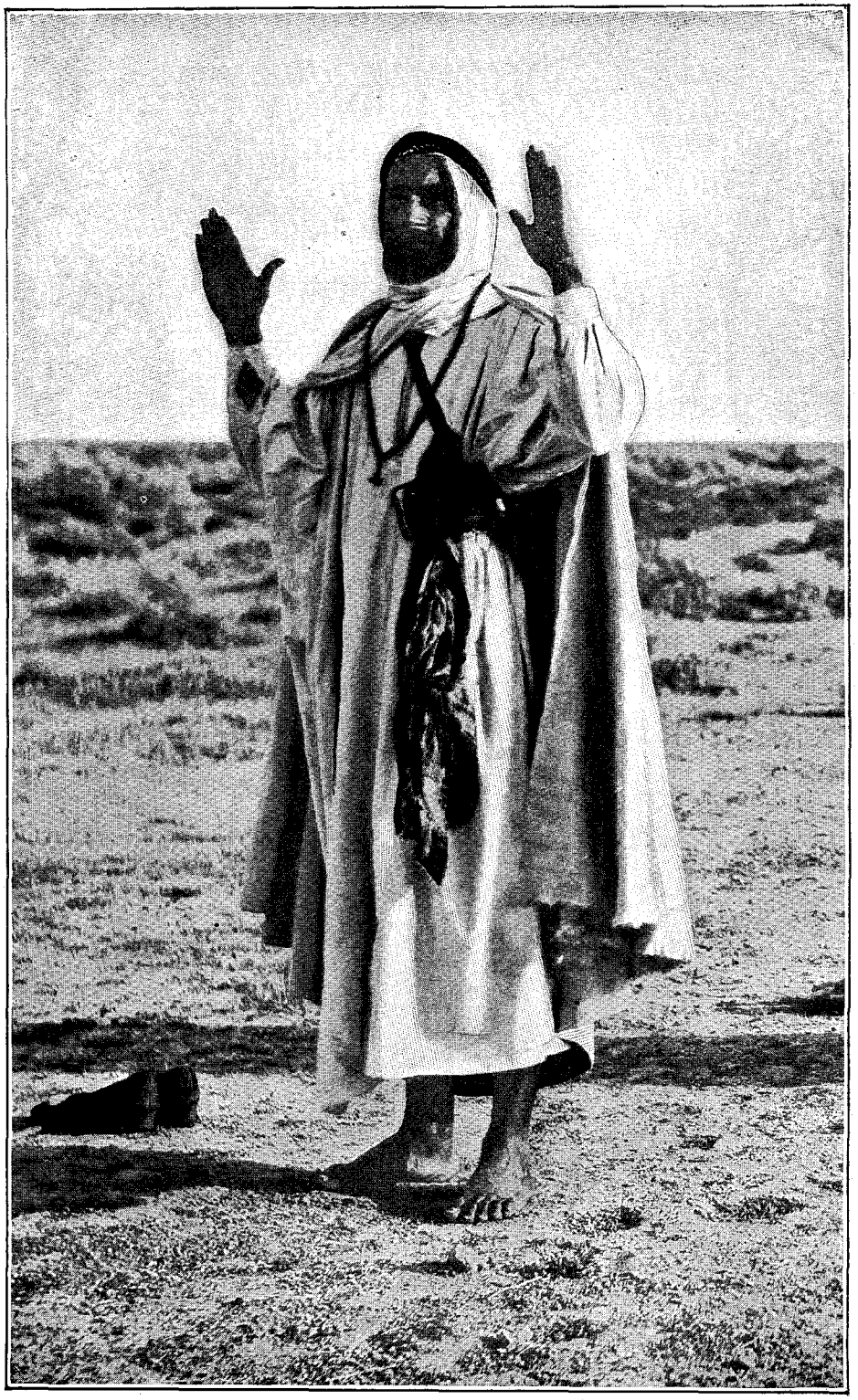

A MOHAMMEDAN AT PRAYER AT SUNSET ON THE DESERT

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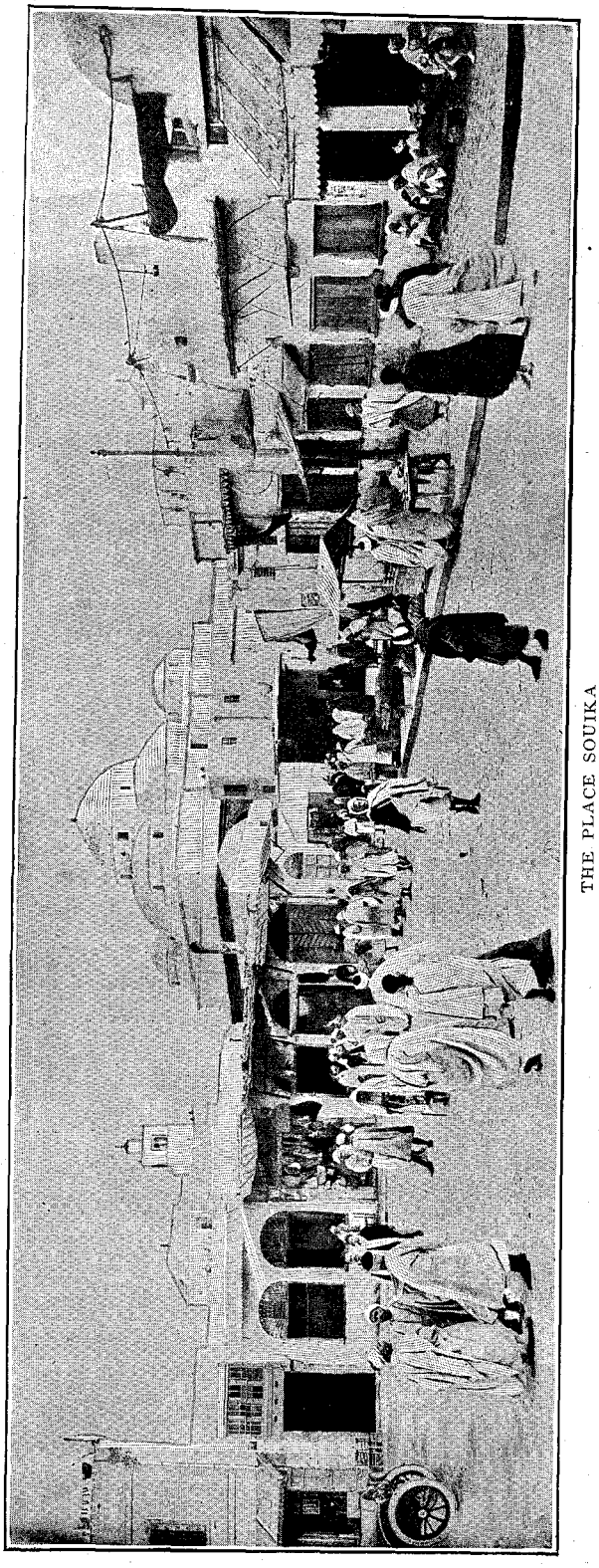

THE PLACE SOUIKA
One of the busiest squares in the native part of Tunis, with shops and cafés and a much-venerated mosque

the coast, amid picturesque scenery that recalls the Sorrento and Amalfi region, turns abruptly inland and upward. We begin the ascent of the High Plateaux. The route leads us through one of the finest mountain gorges in Algeria—the Gorge du Chabet. This will bear comparison even with some of the noted Swiss ravines—the Via Mala or the Gondo. The road is superbly built, often undercut in the face of perpendicular cliffs, always wide and firm and substantial. It is undergoing repairs, here and there, necessitated by a recent freshet, and we walk at these places, to lighten the weight on the tires in moving over the newly cut stone thrown on the roadbed.

This is the heart of Kabylia, a lofty mountain mass in the northern Atlas rim. Snow-peaks are in sight on all sides as we climb. One of the country's primeval races lives here, where it took refuge from bygone invasions. These Berbers are a warlike people, especially in defense. France fought its way into their mountain fastnesses at last, but it was stiff fighting. It took four years—from 1853 to 1857—and even then Kabylia refused to stay conquered. Seven years later the work had to be done over again. An inscription cut on a stone at the entrance to this Chabet cañon, up which we are climbing on the first speed, reads: "The first soldiers who

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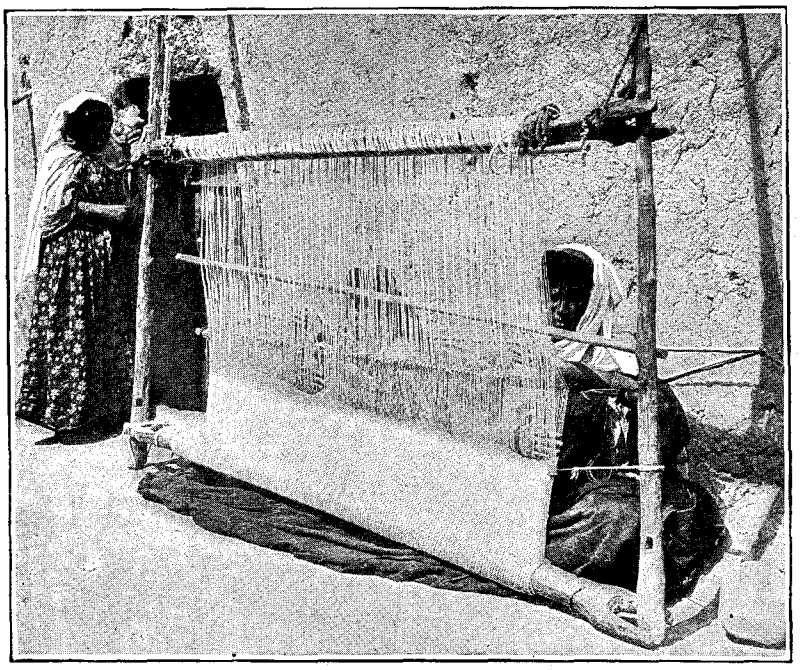
passed through this gorge were tirailleurs, led by Commandant Desmaisons, April 7, 1864."

It must have been a valiant task, for there was no broad highway carved out then, half-way up the cliff. These tirailleurs had to find their way along perilous ledges or among the huge boulders in the bed of the torrent; or, when these routes failed, when the ledges were too sheer or the torrent too fierce, they had to cut or blast a passage along the rocky sides as best they could, ever exposed to fire from savage and vigilant enemies on the heights above. The Major directs our chauffeur to honk a well-earned salute to the memory of bold Commandant Desmaisons.

Five hours, most of it steadily uphill, brings us to Sétif, a dull little, plain little garrison town, thirty-five hundred feet high, half Arab, half French, always cold except in summer, when it is unendurably hot. The hotel rooms add ingeniously to the chill by having brick floors, wet firewood, and chimneys that refuse to draw. On the whole, Sétif is not a place to allure us for long; but we must pass the night here, for no other place is available on the long ride across the African plateau to the gateway of the desert.

It should be stated that there is a shorter and equally good road from Algiers to Sétif, traversable by motor in one day; but the traveler taking it would miss seeing the wild and stupendous gorge of the Chabet-el-Akra—"the Defile of Death," as the natives expressively term it.

We come upon various interesting street scenes as we wander about Sétif in the afternoon. Groups of Arabs squat on mats here and there at the sides of the shops and cafés and play dominoes; but they look chilly, even though well enveloped in their burnouses, for this high air is a trifle too eager for such sedentary outdoor pastimes. Friers of fritters, venders of native sweetmeats, and purveyors of Turkish coffee are more or less busily engaged in their little open-front shops. In a side street are seen two women weaving with the primitive hand-looms which have been in use in Algeria from immemorial time.



"THE LOOMS OF TIME"

This scene in an Arab town shows the weaving of the white cotton haïks worn by the native women. The primitive method of weaving has been in use for centuries, and this very loom doubtless for generations

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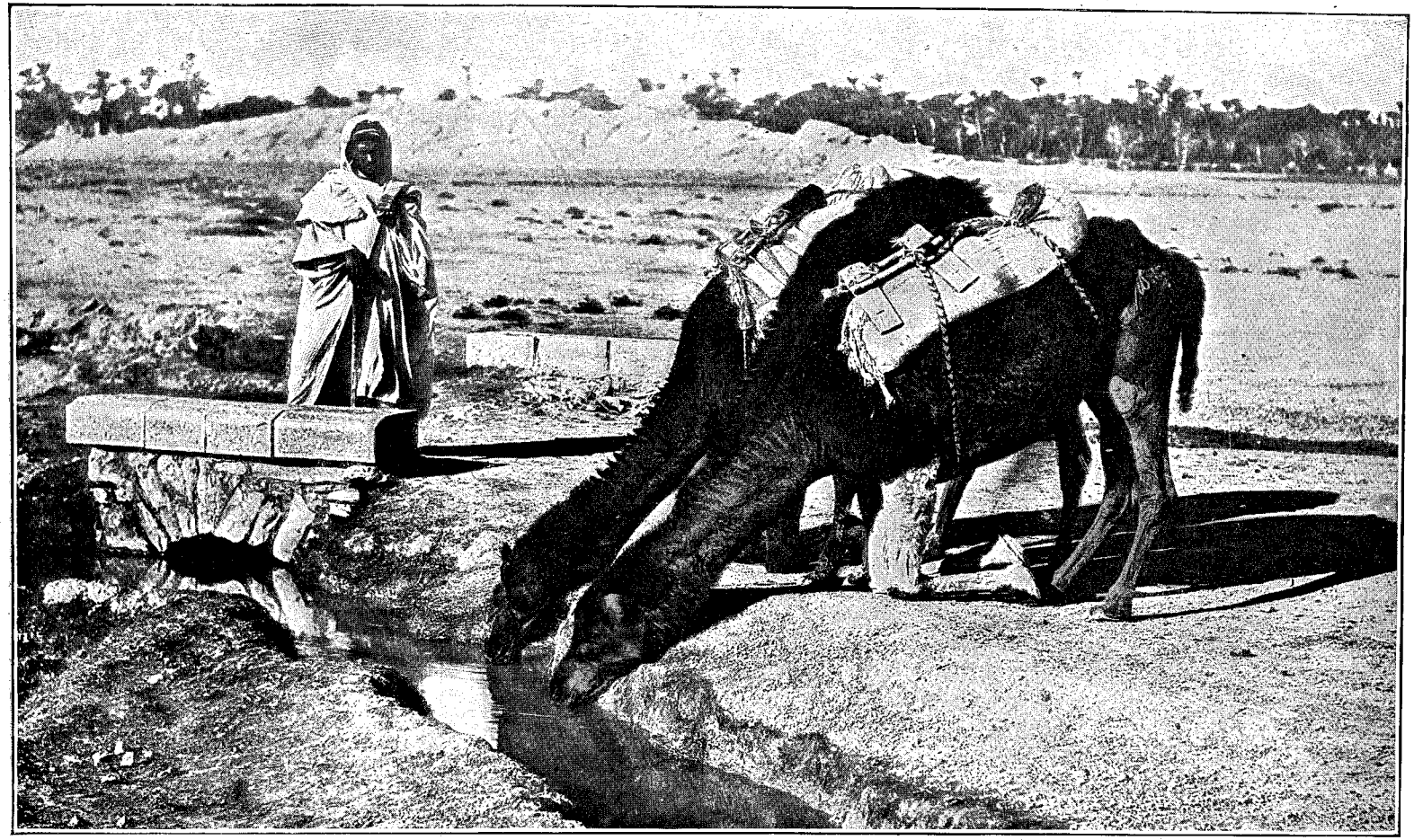

DRINKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES NEAR BISKRA
The road heading over the tiny bridge is the one followed by automobiles

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The Major and the Scribe undertake a foursome at dominoes with two grave Berber exponents of the game, the stakes to be Arab coffee for the crowd; but the rumor spreads, and so great a crowd promptly collects that we are relieved when the domino "bank" gives out and the game is declared a draw. The charge to natives for a cup of coffee is a cent or less; to foreigners, ten cents or more.

Little is to be said regarding most of the third day's run. We steer south to N'Gaous, then southeast to El Kantara—a hundred miles or a trifle over. All this country is treeless and cheerless. There is little cultivation. The land is good chiefly for pasture. Now and then we pass through a native village, and the whole population turns to witness the event; men staring from the benches of the cafés, children shouting, dogs barking, and even donkeys affrightedly braying. Now and then we have sight of the black tents of nomads, pegged into the hard soil. Constantly we meet or pass Arabs on the road, singly or in groups, often driving flocks of sheep, and occasionally now leading or riding camels—evidence that we are approaching the desert. We esteem ourselves provident in having brought luncheon along on this day's ride, for there is none to be had on the way. The road, which is a new one, is uniformly good; it is fairly level, and curves as little as possible, for the French engineers are sensibly fond of the straight line. In the mid-afternoon, a little delayed by a halt to replace a tire, the car chugs into El Kantara.

It is a remarkable spot. All along the southern rim of this vast Algerian plateau rises a line of guarding mountains. Hercules once visited Algeria, tradition avers, stepping across the Gibraltar Straits from one of his own pillars to the other. He led his followers through the land, and effected many exploits. At this point, wanting to get through to the desert beyond, he "stamped his iron heel" upon the rugged mountain wall and made a gigantic fissure. After Hercules came the Third Roman Legion. They occupied and fortified the pass, and called it *Calceus Herculis*. Hercules must have had a very large foot, solidly shod. He formed a wonderful gateway in the range, through which the river, the rail, and the road can all crowd their way out and down to the level of the sands beyond. The great flanks of tawny rock rise bare and threatening on each side. It is a wild and striking scene, one which makes a lasting impress on the memory.

Here we find an attractive-looking little hotel, and refill the gasoline tank for the thirty-five-mile run across the desert to Biskra. We pass through the narrow gorge, cross a modern bridge superimposed on an old Roman arch, and, lo! a transformation. From a land high, sterile, dreary, and chilling, we descend as it were by magic into a land of light and warmth and flame and color. Even the clouds seem to be arrested by the mountain barrier, and the grayness of the upland gives sudden place to a flood of sunlight. It tinges with pure gold the tawny rocks of the gorge behind, paints those farther away with the varying hues of yellow and orange and saffron and russet, and tinges the lower desert hills in the distance with a thousand tender and delicate shades of violet and lilac and rose.

We pass through a veritable desert village, with its low mud huts, its sandy lanes, and its crumbling earth walls. Then we are in the Sahara. Now we have no longer a hardened macadam road, but an ages-trodden path widened by time and use to the dimensions of a practicable road; rough here and there, sometimes rather stony, sometimes rather sandy, but traversable throughout by cart, carriage, or car. That two hours' ride across the silent sands in the late afternoon, with the sun slanting lower and lower, proves a ride of many novel and pleasurable sensations, crowned at length by the sight of the palms and white houses of the oasis of Biskra.

II.

Biskra is more or less sophisticated nowadays, but it is none the less charming for that. There is a European quarter, which has excellent hotels and the inevitable curio shops. This does not seem to impair the picturesqueness of the native quarter, which is much the larger. Biskra has in all times been an important center of caravan trade.

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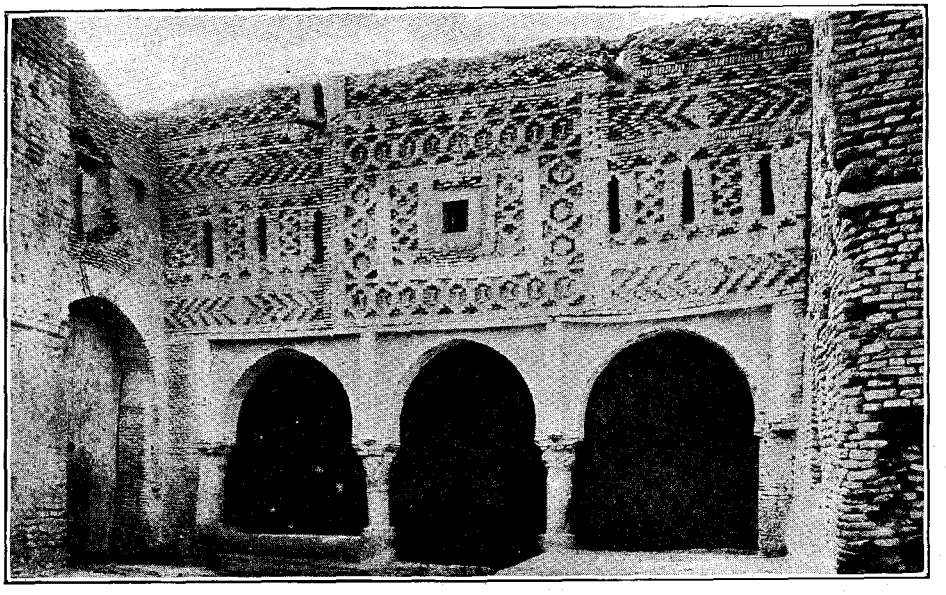
Here in the open market square we meet the true desert men, fierce and hawk-like of aspect, burnt to a crisp by the unrelenting sun; dwellers in the limitless sands, men who find sustenance and shelter where other races would perish; men who have come up from Touggourt or Ouargla or Gadamès, or who have perhaps even traversed the long route from mysterious Timbuctoo itself. Here, too, buying or selling, are seen coal-black negroes from the Soudan, far southeast, and the fairer-skinned Mozabites from the M'zab, far southwest. The market always presents a lively scene, at whatever hour of the day we wander through it. But Biskra has often been described, and this is not the place to tell of its two hundred thousand date-palms; its wonderful garden, owned by one Count Laudon, and so entrancingly described in Hichens's novel; its mud-walled native suburbs, with their gurgling roadside runlets; the view of the distant desert from the high tower; nor of the excursion to the neighboring oasis and tomb of the warrior-saint Sidi-Okba. Automobiling beyond Biskra is scarcely practicable, especially for a heavy car, so we undertake the local journeyings in more prosaic vehicles, entering the car again only for the return ride to El Kantara.

From El Kantara the road climbs once more to the steppes, and by the time we come to Batna, seventy-five miles from Biskra, the air is cool again, even at high noon. Batna is the point from which to visit certain ancient monuments of unsurpassable interest—Lambessa and Timgad. The latter is twenty miles distant, by a good road, and Lambessa lies between.

Timgad is an impressive place. It is a ruined Roman military city of the time of Trajan. Most of it was buried under the soil until a few years ago, and much of it still remains buried; but the part which has been excavated forms a town of fully the size of Pompeii, of which it forcibly reminds one.

We walk along paved streets worn by classic wheels into deep-cut ruts, as at Pompeii; we view the lower walls of block after block of closely set shops and private dwellings; we visit the ancient theater, stand in the once colonnaded square of the forum, and admire the spacious chambers and still enduring mosaics of the public baths, the lofty columns of a Temple of Jupiter, and a massive triumphal arch. Here ancient Rome built and lived, with its usual efficacious combination of simplicity, sternness, solidity, and splendor. From this point, and Lambessa and Cherchel and Thugga and El-Djem and numerous



A CHARACTERISTIC BIT OF ARABIAN DECORATION

Many of the houses of the wealthier natives have a very plain exterior, and reserve their ornament for within

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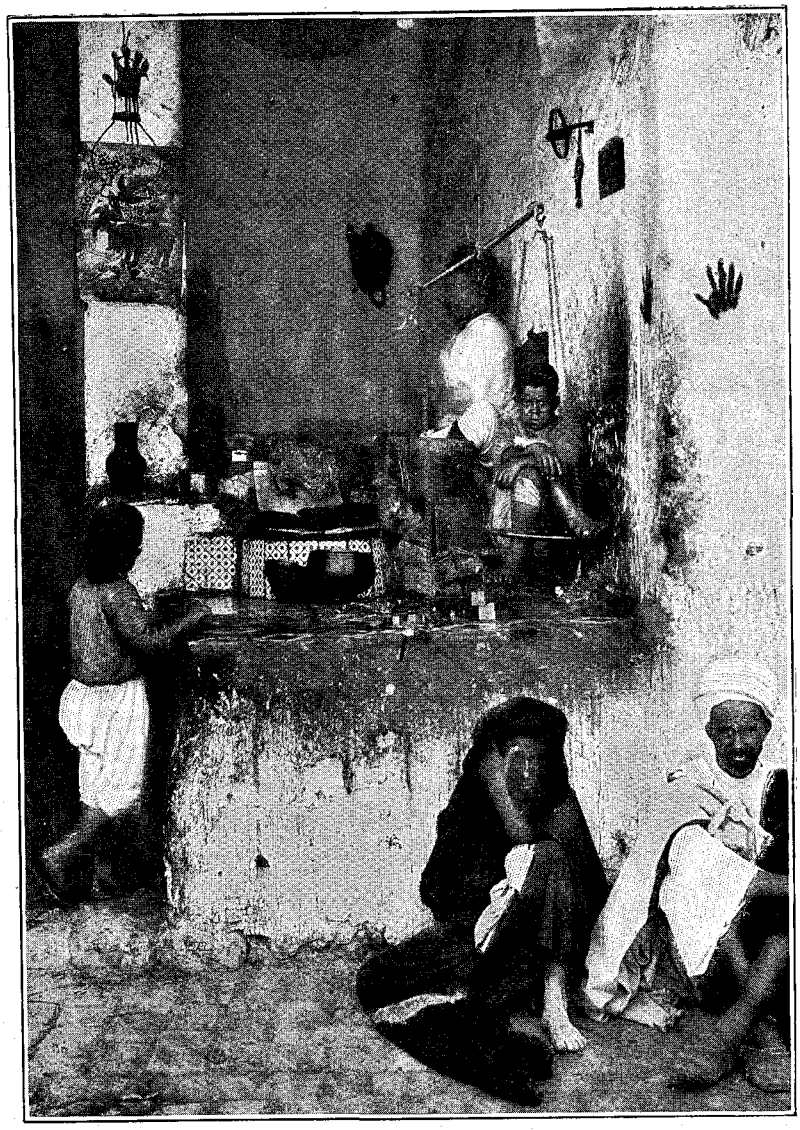

THE MERCHANT OF FRITTERS

A native kitchen and cook-shop in an Algerian town. The "Fatma hands" painted on the walls are for good luck

other effectively placed stations whose imposing ruins still remain, she governed the restless native tribes during the prosperous centuries of the Empire. Few monuments tell more eloquently of a vanished yet still potent civilization than does this ground-plan of a Roman town here in the midst of a distant and alien country—a town once compact and complete, living the life of the capital amid barbarism, and standing in outline still compact and complete to-day.

Of Lambessa, a Roman camp, less now exists, but enough to increase the impression made at Timgad.

It is a superb motor road from Batna up to Constantine—a *route nationale*, straight and wide and hard, and the kilometer-posts fly by with rapidity. The distance is a short seventy-five miles, so that we have all the afternoon to explore Constantine itself—a grandly placed city, poised, like Jerusalem, on the brink of a precipitous neck of land with cliffs falling sheer away on three sides. Its sights are of no great moment—a palace,

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a mosque or two, the Arab and Jewish quarters, and the modern French streets.

The motor route from Constantine to Tunis reminds one of Mark Twain's comment on "the street called Straight" in Damascus. He says that it is straighter than a corkscrew, but not as straight as a rainbow. I am not sure, however, that this Constantine-Tunis route *is* straighter than a corkscrew. The railway line to Tunis is direct enough, and a highroad to parallel it is projected; but at present an exaggerated letter S is the only possible route traversable by an automobile. It is all a highly interesting route, however, and takes one over many and varied kinds of country, from tableland to seashore, from naked plain to luxuriant forest, from curving mountain roads to the long levels of Tunisia.

For the first day's run we must sacrifice all the dearly bought altitude gained in climbing from El Kantara to Constantine, and descend to the seaport of Bône—one hundred and twenty-five miles, not as the crow but as the car flies. We make a noonday halt at the Baths of Hammam Meskoutine, and deplore the lack of time sufficient to make a stay of several days at this sunny and summery little mountain nook. There are boiling sulphur springs here, and strange and fantastic formations have been made by the stalagmitic accretions from the sulphur. The main fall, a precipice of hardened mineral deposits, presents a wonderful sight, with its myriad exquisite gradations of color, from pure white through shades of lemon and orange to the richest natural reds and browns.

But our destination for the day lies beyond. The road curves lower and lower, until at last we have come down to sea-level and are speeding along a mathematically straight ten-mile stretch of highway at more miles an hour than the departmental regulations strictly allow.

From Bône, a modern French port, lively and cheerful but without pretension to local color, our route, next morning, runs eastward at sea-level for many miles; then, turning inland, it climbs the huge flanks of the Khroumir mountains, and passes from Algeria into Tunisia. Some of the inclines here are the steepest that we have encountered on the entire trip, though the roadbed itself is excellent throughout. This Khroumir country was another of the mountain regions which resisted the advance of the French. Its inhabitants were for a time after their submission reputed still to be hostile and ill disposed to foreigners, but that has long since passed, and we see no evidence of such a disposition. There are vast cork forests along these mountain flanks; during a long and thirsty morning ride the Major was heard audibly sighing for less cork and more bottles. The scenery proves perhaps the most varied and beautiful of the entire trip; each turn in the road reveals fine mountain-scapes, and in looking backward we have for a long time the distant blue plane of the sea. At the frontier is a custom-house, and certain papers of authentication and entry for the motor-car have to be exhibited. The way presently curves downward again, and we come at length to the straight line of the railway at a primitive and pleasing Arab town, Souk el Arba.

Unless one cares to go on to Le Kef, a mountain village considerably to the south, he will now have done with hill-climbing. The motor route from Souk el Arba runs south for a while, then east by a short cut to a road leading north again, and finally bends eastward once more and runs a comparatively straight course to Tunis, a hundred and twenty-five miles by road from Souk el Arba. From Teboursouk, where we lunch, may be visited the noted Roman ruins of Thugga, now Dougga, four miles distant. These Roman ruins in Algeria and Tunisia are nearly always a little distant from the main lines of present-day travel; the highroads evidently followed different lines fifteen or eighteen hundred years ago.

By mid-afternoon we roll into Tunis; and the main tour may be said to have ended, though there are many trips to be made from Tunis as a center, just as there are from Algiers. We speed out to Carthage, of course, and disturb the sad musings of the spirits of Dido and Hamilcar with the sound of the careless horn. And we ride down to Susa and Sfax, and to Kairouar, a sacred city of the Moslems, the most holy in Africa;

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thus adding another five hundred miles to the distance already traversed.

As we talk over the trip, reviewing its impressions and striking a balance, as it were, certain practical generalizations clearly emerge. In the first place, the roads may be characterized as uniformly good; now and then a little mending is going on, but only for short distances. Secondly, ample supplies of oil and gasoline have been found to be now obtainable, not only at the principal points on the way, but also at the secondary ones, such as El Kantara and Batna and Souk el Arba. The distances between places of interest are long—Algeria covers a larger territory than one is apt to credit it with; but the points of interest themselves are abundantly worth seeing. Hotel accommodation is excellent in the cities, and none too good in the towns. The disposition of the natives is uniformly friendly. Algeria and Tunisia are not like their troubled neighbor Morocco. Public security is complete; even of once lawless Khroumiria there is now an Arab saying that a young girl may fearlessly traverse its confines with a crown of gold upon her head. The early spring climate, not only on the uplands but on the coast, is far colder than is usually supposed. It is doubtful if a through automobile trip could be made with comfort or always even with safety in midwinter, when the snow lies long and deep on the High Plateaux and covers the sharp curves of the long ascents and descents. April and October would seem to be distinctively the two months in which the tour could be made in real climatic comfort.

But one sees much indeed that he cannot see in Europe or America; and he brings away varied, vivid, and unforgetable impressions. For a long time to follow we shall see, in quiet day-dreams, the white-hooded figures moving along the highroads, leading their camels or driving their sheep, and scurrying nimbly to one side at sound of the still distant horn. We shall picture the white houses of the village dwellers and the black tents of the Bedouins; the majestic hills of the Atlas and the equally majestic sweep of the Great Desert; the small, gleaming domes of sainted tombs amid the fields, and the larger domes of the great city mosques; the masterful stonework of ancient Rome; the sea and the snows and the sands. And always we shall feel in retrospect the charm of an unfamiliar land, the compelling interest awakened by an alien people, an alien civilization, an alien and forever irreconcilable religion.

OUR AUTOMOBILE ROAD ACROSS THE DESERT
Overtaking a caravan on the Col de Sfa, just before coming to Biskra

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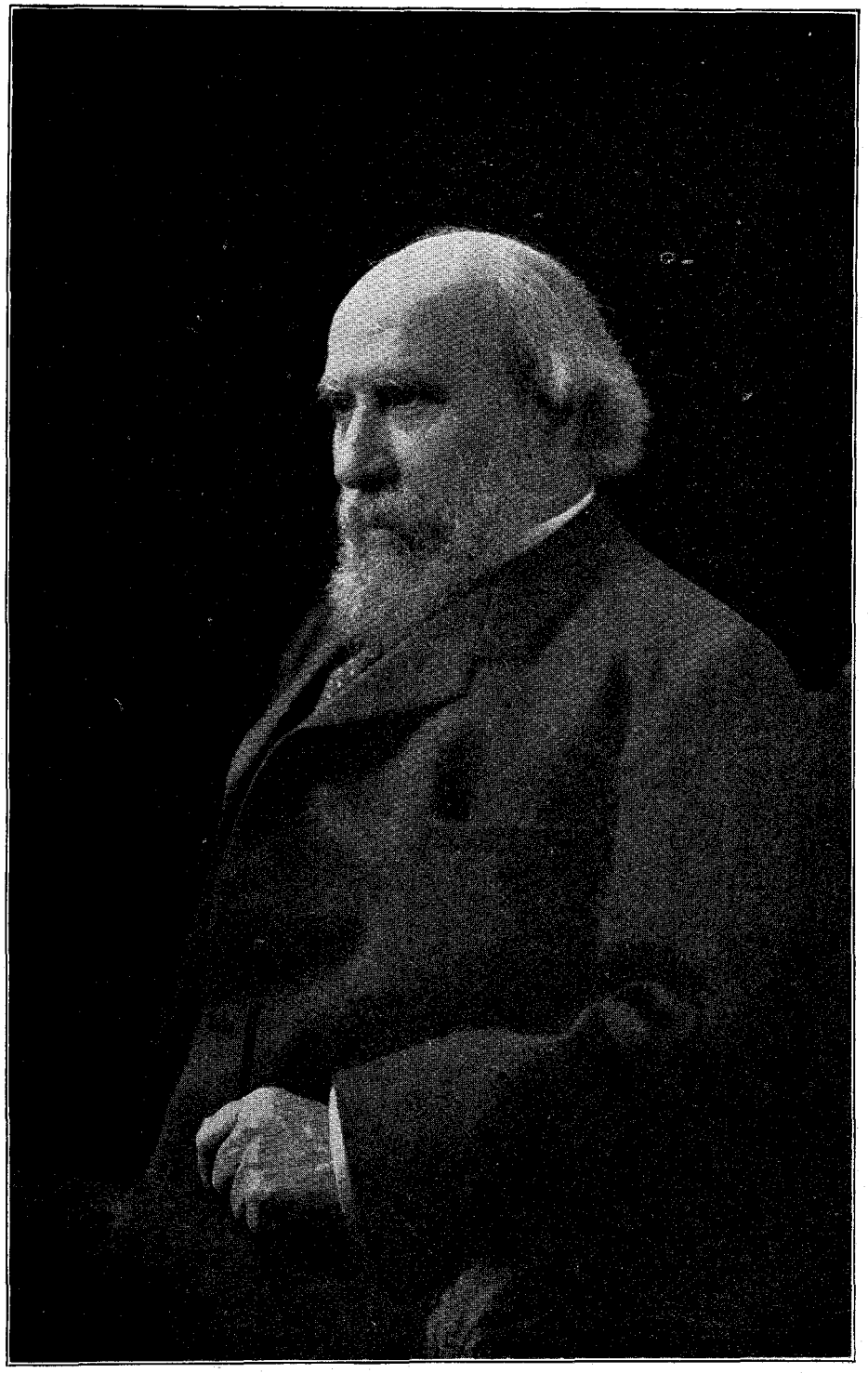

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CREATIVE AMERICANS

A GREAT RAILWAY BUILDER

BY JOHN FOSTER CARR

MASTER of his vision by a lifetime of conquering work, and still unshaken in vigor at sixty-nine, James Jerome Hill visibly bears the mold of compulsive character, the record of the heat and haste and patience of his toil. His bald and heavy domed head is fringed with long hair grayed to silver steel. There are force and will in his large nose. He is heavy jowled and lipped, shaggy bearded and browed—his a head that could be hewn in granite. The keen eyes, nearly all pupil, are black with a glint of kindling red. His voice is roughly low, with stress of interest growing vehemently intense. There is power in his gesture and in the slow movement of his thick-set body. He might be one of Rembrandt's Dutch merchants, or a Jew of Bruges. A many-sided life of immense activity has stamped him with contrasts of astonishing contradiction. Some of his intimates hold impossible theories of his character; and in his own Northwest, which now seldom sees him, he has become an incongruous legend. Boon fellow to all when he will, he can be suave as an Oriental with a Japanese diplomat, rough as a logger with the frontiersman. Expansively garrulous in speech, he is yet a true son of the wilderness, and has the air of a close-mouthed and silent man. By rule impassively cold for the work of his inflexible purpose, he is often boisterous in good humor, tempestuous in wrath. A thousand stories of the rail make him bluffly human, but he still appears dominantly as the instrument of a force enormous, impersonal, as ruthless in creation as the Overman worshiped by the insane Nietzsche.

Of peasant stock, Mr. Hill was born in a log cabin near the small town of Guelph, in Ontario. His father, an Irishman, slow-thinking and hard-working, progressed only from small farmer to small innkeeper. His mother, a Scotch woman, had the strength and mastery of the Dunbars. A common school and a Friends' Academy gave him the three R's, but his father died while he was still a child, and at fourteen he went as lad-of-all-work to a local country store. Significant as a memory of his boyhood, it is told that he had a heart for hard work, and a passion for reading that filled his nights and Sundays. His one hero was Napoleon, and his hero-worship became so absorbing an interest that the child did some deliberate character-modeling after the great conqueror.

But Guelph gave narrow horizon to this strong and imaginative boy after three years in the country store. The fifties were full of the talk of Nicollet and Frémont and their daring in the West. The gold-hunters, streaming to California, excitedly led a prodigious westward movement of population, and in Canada the days of the *voyageurs* were not yet over. A fever of restlessness seized young Hill, and he set out on his travels. He worked on a farm near Syracuse. He wandered as far east as Maine. But within three months this lad of eighteen, quickened by an incredible purpose that foretold the trend of his whole life, turned his face westward in decision. He would go to India, and build boats of the lightest draught, and organize an efficient river transportation on the Ganges. He caught the first train West, rode his best on horseback over the naked prairie from Chicago to the Mississippi, took the first northbound steamer, and arrived in St. Paul just after the departure of the last brigade of the season bound for the Pacific.

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He lost not a minute in hunting for a job on the bustling levee where he landed, and took the first that offered; and as "mud-clerk"—something more and something less than shipping-clerk—he pitched into work so vigorously with the men that the story has gone out that he began life as a roustabout in that year of '56 when St. Paul, still a frontier town in the heart of an Indian country, had its first great boom.

Old settlers still remember the sturdy, broad-backed, black-haired lad, with his trousers tucked into his boots, madly rushing his workmen in the mud of the levee. And they tell how he was soon the leader of revelry, the loudest laugher, the boldest practical joker. In the heavy drills and the farce of the Wright County War he was the life of the Pioneer Guards, and his mimicry and French Canadian stories were famous. Yet this uproarious merrymaker was liable to leave the company at any time and disappear. No friend ever knew him intimately; some part of his thoughts and ambitions he always kept to himself. His work interested him, and instead of stretching idly on the tarpaulins for his nooning, he busied himself studying the freight on the levee. Within two years he had become a mine of such useful commercial information, and when the editor of the Pioneer and Democrat needed statistics of St. Paul's trade he naturally turned to this young clerk. Nor was the levee the limit of the boy's interest. He gleaned a farmer's knowledge of wheat and wool and the land adapted to each. He was incessantly asking questions about the new experiments in agriculture that were proving that Minnesota could produce something besides cranberries and furs. He was interested in the Indians and their ways, and became skilled in the life of the plains. He eagerly took an acting part in the drama of the developing life of the new country. He cut the stencil for the first barrel of flour shipped out of Minneapolis, and he proudly set up one of the first threshing-machines ever seen in the Northwest. His reading broadened and deepened. Anything said splendidly appealed to him, and he would burst out in delight whenever he found a passage that exactly phrased his ideas. In a dark corner of the office where he worked was his book-case. The favorites on its shelves were such masculine stuff as Montaigne, Carlyle, Rabelais, the Odoherty Papers, and many volumes of the explorers of the Northwest.

But greater than Lewis and Clark, and Captain Bonneville, greatest of all his books, was Irving's "Astoria," for this it was that opened his eyes to a vision, and took hold of his life with directive power. It was no idle dreamer, but the sane-minded John Jacob Astor, who had mapped a line of trading-posts that were to run westward from the Mississippi over the Rockies, and create a high-road to the Pacific. His traders were to carry our civilization across the plains and the mountains and spread it along the shores of the western ocean. They were to enrich the Nation, people the wilderness, and extend the bounds of empire. And, beyond our own country, Astor's genius planned for the rich trade of Hawaii and China. For fifty years, after a first defeat, had this great project remained a dream. It gave fire to young Hlll's imagination, and the boundless stretch of fertile and untilled land in the Northwest became the constant subject of his talk. He was in a country of generous hope and boasting, but his braggart extravagance was lunacy. He was still a clerk, and it took him the eight years of panic and war to reach a salary of one hundred dollars a month. But amid tremendous work and robustious play his character was hardening to steel, and he was beginning to be the man he is. At the end of those eight years he knew in every intimate detail the products of the settled Northwest; he had mastered every part of the work of transportation by stern-wheel steamer, Red River cart, and sledge. He had grown canny as a Scotch huckster in the sharp turns of business; money for him had already become transmuted from dollars to power. And in his twenty-eighth year his first chance came.

In 1865 his employers retired from business, and young Hill took the agency of the Northwestern Packet Company. He was soon showing his enterprise in the general transportation

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and fuel business. He brought the first clean firewood and the first hard coal to St. Paul, and he built the first warehouse in the city. In the winter, when the Mississippi was ice-bound, he was busy in New York buying supplies for the North, or filling odd commissions. A half-dozen ventures took him sledging over the Northwestern wilds. Like a "breed," he slept with the dogs, and, incapable of fatigue, one day traveled eighty miles. On a hurried midwinter march he found his guide treacherous. With instant grit he seized his musket and the joint stock of ammunition, drove off the Indian with his leveled gun, and alone on snow-shoes faced four days and nights of the Arctic prairie to Fort Garry—an adventure to which he has said that he still owes much whenever thought needs to be quick and resolution inexorable.

Four years passed, and a partnership freed him for greater things. The booming growth of the Northwest was doubling the traffic down the Red River of the North, and overloading the Hudson's Bay Company's two small steamers. Mr. Hill hastily organized a transportation company, and on the banks of the river at Fort Abercrombie he had a large steamer built on original plans. The Red River was sometimes a low and vanishing stream, but the new boat was so great a marvel that Mississippi captains commonly believed that the Selkirk could run in a light dew. A line of connecting stages made this the first regular means of communication between Winnipeg and the world. A war of competition with the Hudson's Bay Company immediately broke out. Rates were slashed, and, after our modern use, consolidation followed. Immigrants began to pour into the Red River Valley and into Manitoba. Freight trebled and quadrupled. A supply store was built at Pembina on the border, and, sledging and trudging over the plains, this master pioneer went, multiplying trading-posts.

Success brought daring and a larger ambition, and the new-come railway began to have a place in his plans. It had taken five struggling years to build the ten miles of track between St. Anthony's Falls and St. Paul; and it was the tedious work of another ten years, at the cost of huge drafts upon hopeful Dutch capitalists, for the grandly named St. Paul and Pacific to crawl up the Mississippi and cross the State to the Red River. A dismal failure awaited the completed road; and, in spite of State aid, grant, re-grant, and nine successive mortgages, the new railway became bankrupt in 1873 and reorganization appeared impossible.

It was in that very year of panic that Mr. Hill began to show an enthusiastic interest in the St. Paul and Pacific, and for two years in his large and confident way he talked, and people loudly laughed. He won over to his venturous plan Commodore Kittson, his partner on the Red River, and Donald Smith, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, now Lord Strathcona, he persuaded to join his enterprise. Time and again he took men over the line of the road and showed them the promise of the black soil and the heavy timber; and astonishing in number, astonishing in simplicity and complexity, were the questions asked him as the small, high-windowed cars jolted over the rails. The gradual interest of George Stephen, Governor of the Bank of Montreal, now Lord Mount Stephen, assured success in the end, and it became Mr. Hill's work to purchase the outstanding bonds of the ruined road. By much persistence, by infinite work and travel, by adroit diplomacy in financial maneuvering, this was at last accomplished, and some twenty-seven millions of bonds were bought at prices varying from ten to fifteen per cent of par. Yet no one envied the new owners their investment. Such equipment as there was, progress had already made primitive; the original fifty-pound rails had become, as all St. Paul said, but two streaks of rust, and an Indian's eye could tell where the railway ran only by the line of prairie sunflowers that had sprung up along the four hundred and twenty miles of track. There was not a night operator, nor a night nor Sunday train, and the one poor freightage was wheat. Mr. Hill alone knew that when it sank under its burdens it was already on the threshold of success.

From that day in June, 1879, when

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James J. Hill was elected Manager of the new St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway, the history of his life becomes, not a romance of ledgers and coupons, but a swift-moving story of vision and of superhuman work. At the outset he had to meet not only public ridicule, but the uneasy distrust of some of his friends. Every step he made was carefully watched, and the tale is still told that the company's books were one night stealthily carried off and carefully examined and checked. Ridicule and distrust in time gave way. Opposition he often met, but opposition only increased his force of will, his quick efficiency in work, his domineering violence in every struggle.

No other man ever so truly created a great railway system. He began in ignorance, but he set his quick mind to learn with the most plodding patience, and he took every branch of transportation for his specialty. In the old days engines, like river boats, bore the names of directors of the company; they were brass-laden, and no engineer would mount his cab until every molding and panel was polished to resplendence. Under Mr. Hill numbers took the place of names and every ornament was removed. He studied in detail the construction of the locomotive, and said: "I will make one engine do the work of three, and dispose of two crews," and he so far succeeded that he more than doubled the tractive power of the engine, until the Great Northern had the largest and most powerful, the simplest and most economical locomotives in the world. He built longer and larger cars than any before known. The Scotch-Irish thrift in his blood made economy the thing of most importance; wastage of power became a crime, and every ounce of iron scrap a thing precious to save.

In the beginning he learned that a curve costs a railway as much as a hill, and he built his Great Northern with few curves and low grades. He spied out routes for himself and dictated the location of extensions. He was insatiable in learning and assimilating the facts of the country. He asked a multitude of questions, and he never asked the same question twice. When trains went out of the St. Paul station, he would be on the platform making the acquaintance of the people who lived along the road, and his knowledge of the country soon became almost that of a stage-driver. He made scientific agriculture his hobby, and, with profitable philanthropy, provided the farmers with blooded bulls and swine.

In such a spirit and mastery of work Mr. Hill began the long years of breathless railway construction. In the spring of '80 there was a boom in Winnipeg, which had suddenly become a city of tents. His first move was to rush the laying of side tracks and main line northward; and within a year the road sprang to a length of six hundred and fifty-six miles. Boom followed boom, traffic doubled and trebled in the Red River Valley, and Mr. Hill soon had a greater scheme. The St. Paul and Pacific had hardly been bought before he had an active part in the courageous building of the Canadian Pacific. But of a sudden his interest changed when he saw that the pioneers were proving the fertility of the Dakota prairies as far west as the Missouri River; and he had never forgotten that the first St. Paul and Pacific engineer's report of '57 had demonstrated, like a proposition in geometry, the supreme advantage of a far northern transcontinental route within the United States. And in '83 Mr. Hill resolutely sold the last of his holdings in the Canadian Pacific, became President of his own small road, and immediately ordered a secret survey of a practicable route to the Missouri. He had already made a great venture in Montana lands, and in June, '84, definitely mapped the extension of his road on the first of its two great westward stages. Beyond the Missouri and up the valley of the Milk the tracks were driven in a never-repeated frenzy of work; and it was soon publicly known that beyond the great sage-brush desert the engineers were to stake their way over the Rockies and the Cascades to Puget Sound.

From the outset the project, urged by such boundless faith and extravagant enthusiasm, seemed insane to the entire West. The new route was to traverse a thousand miles of desert and mountain,

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with the small mining town of Helena the only inhabited place on the line. It would parallel two existing roads; the Northern Pacific, again in an agony of approaching bankruptcy, one hundred miles to the south, and the heavily subsidized Canadian Pacific, one hundred miles further north. Worst of all, starting westward from Montana, it was soon clear that the expensive mountain work had to be done in face of the coming crisis of '93.

Railway men jeered at the folly of the scheme. Alexander Mitchell, President of the old Milwaukee road, had greeted the sanguinely expounded plan with a rude—"Jem, me boy, you're a fool!" As the work progressed, Henry Villard, of the Northern Pacific, laughed and said: "Hill has got his road up into the Rockies, but he'll never get it down again!" And scoffing early turned to active resistance. For a time a Presidential veto had closed Montana, alleging that a railway would be prejudicial to the interests of the Indians. Then a clique of stockholders formed in Boston to seize the road and prevent its ruin by the threatened building across the desert. With a quick-won decisive victory, Mr. Hill got such absolute power in control that at a bankers' meeting in New York called to denounce "wildcat" railway building, when all seemed united in a harmony of condemnation, James J. Hill's burly figure rose and his low, thick voice stormed out: "I have a property in the Northwest which New York bankers cannot prevent my developing. My board of directors is the only body that can do that, and they can only do it until the next election!" Later, in his absence, came a resolution from these very directors contrary to his known wishes, and the story is that on his return they were forced, behind a door which he deliberately locked, to reverse themselves, powerless before his furious Niagara of facts.

Nothing shook the spirit of the man who had determinedly inspected almost every mile of the route on the back of a cayuse. The whole task, undelayed by opposition, was a desperate rushing of work, and at its end, wearily lugging ties and steel by headlight and lantern, the last rail was laid in place one January night of '93. An engine's whistle reverberated through the cañon of Skykomish, and the first road was finished that ever crossed the continent without the aid of a dollar of Government money or an acre of public land.

Instead of exhaustion golden prosperity followed. Interest on Great Northern bonds never failed to be paid, and dividends quickly increased. Long before the road was finished agents were sent in search of practical farmers to New England and to New York, to Great Britain, Germany, Norway, Sweden. And though no populous cities rose on the plains, the whole northern half of North Dakota, meshed in branches of the Great Northern, reclaimed from the wilderness, was soon plotted in rich farms. Washington's forests, in turn, were quickly swarming with men, and its lumber and shingles began to move east. Farmers and fruit-growers crowded over the Rockies, and, as on the prairies, railway-created towns sprang up by the dozen.

Never pausing in success, Mr. Hill pressed on, and, in repetition of history, bought again. To the south of him lay the parallel line of the Northern Pacific. Like the old St. Paul and Pacific, it was chronic in bankruptcy; it was also on the very verge of success. He saw that its purchase would be equivalent to double-tracking the Great Northern and give a practical monopoly in the enormous territory that was beginning to be called the Great Northwest. Early in '96 he quietly achieved control of this dangerous rival, and a new-found prosperity repeated his earlier success.

But it soon appeared that even the Northern Pacific was not enough. There was the unfinished "scheme of transportation" of which Mr. Hill had been vaguely talking to his friends, and prosperity discovered new necessities that only the ownership of the Burlington system could satisfy. Washington, now self-supporting, no longer needed hay and hams and canned provisions, and its timber, already rolling eastward in immense quantities, would soon force him to the unprofitable business of "one way" traffic. Control of the Burlington would open Washington's timber market

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to the treeless States of Iowa and Nebraska, give the Great Northern a line to the corn belt, and lay a direct route to Puget Sound for the cotton of the entire South; and the Burlington had its own coal mines.

While he was biding his time, there suddenly came a double threat. Mr. Harriman and the Union Pacific attempted purchase of a controlling interest in the Burlington, which was beginning to push its rails northward and westward. The attempt failed, but the threat of loss and of competition was warning sufficient, and by direct purchase Mr. Hill and his friends quickly bought the Burlington outright at the great price of two hundred million dollars. For his own defense, as he said, Mr. Harriman then tried to secure control of the Northern Pacific, which Mr. Hill held only by the power of well-organized minority rights. The battle of stock-buying which followed was without parallel within the memory of the oldest broker. Northern Pacific common, which had sold at twenty-five cents a share in '96, on the 9th of May, 1901, soared to a thousand dollars.

Defeated at first, on a second trial, by adroit use of his legal rights, this railway magnate who had never been inside the New York Stock Exchange, and who, in the great crisis, spent "Blue Thursday" buying locomotives, won a splendid victory of calculation and seized the coveted monopoly of transportation between the Great Lakes and Puget Sound. For twenty years "Yim Hill" had been famous in the Northwest. He now instantly became a National figure, and, with the provincial ignorance which every part of this wide land of ours has for every other, a National weekly of that day asked, "Who is James J. Hill?"

Once intrenched in power, Mr. Hill organized a huge holding corporation to make his control of the three great railway systems permanent beyond chance of change in markets or friends. The Supreme Court speedily dissolved the Northern Securities Company because it restrained commerce by stifling competition with its monopoly. But in one sense the Government's victory was barren. The consolidated Hill system, it is true, is without legal guarantee of permanence, and the resolved economies of management are impossible, but the monopoly remains. Two certificates of stock are now issued instead of one; they are printed in different colors, and that, as the monopolist laughingly said, is the main difference. It was after this legal defeat that Mr. Hill one day turned to a friend in his office and, waving his hand toward a map of the United States, said: "I've made my mark on the surface of the earth, and they can't wipe it out!"

Through all the years when the Great Northern was spreading its net of rails over the Northwest, and seizing for its allies the Northern Pacific and the Burlington, Mr. Hill was multiplying his own activities. He was building the largest steamers ever seen on the Great Lakes; he was accumulating, almost unsuspected, four hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of iron lands in northern Minnesota; he was struggling with a half-dozen legislatures, personally directing his campaigns in his own newspapers, fighting legal battles by the score, indulging for his relaxation his boyhood's taste for art, as he carefully gathered together a splendid collection of Barbizon masters.

Profoundly interested in every phase of industrial and commercial life, he found time for extensive reading in history and economics. He went about the Northwest delivering speeches that were always urgent sermons on favorite old texts. He preached reciprocity, ship subsidies, the development of our inland waterways, and irrigation. And he not only spoke for irrigation. He was the prime mover in having the railways contribute money to print "literature," establish an experiment station, and support a lobby in Washington. His Great Northern pumped the water into the first irrigation ditch that was dug in the barren waste of desert that then lay between the Cascades and the Rockies. In all agriculture his interest was intense. "Men without land are a mob, and land without men is a wilderness," he had said; but that the land might not again return to wilderness, by insist-

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ent speeches at State and county fairs he carried on the eager campaign that he began in the eighties against plundering agriculture. He created a great model farm, gave money lavishly to agricultural colleges, and added to his own knowledge until he became a National adviser in better farming methods.

All of these varied interests of the man were a part of his business, and he made business magically profitable, but his business sometimes became patriotism. Closely linked with his life's work, and one of the "mud-clerk's" vague dreams, was a gradually developed plan more far-reaching than all. When he was building the Great Northern through Montana, he was already confidently looking to Asia for a part of his traffic. But the heavy Eastern call for the lumber of Washington, which made it necessary to find more westward-bound freight than the Pacific coast demanded, was the first distinct summons to organize the great commerce across the Pacific that he had in view from the beginning. It was Asia's trade that gave the last reason for the purchase of the Northern Pacific, and it was Asia's trade that made the possession of the Burlington imperative if he was to reach every part of the Middle West and of the South, and pour their products and manufactures through Seattle and Tacoma, as through a funnel, into the trading ships of the East.

And a wider ambition seized the mind of the enthusiast as the glamour of the East came upon him. He would create a more important American route to Asia than that by way of Panama. And he would do more. In his midnight talks to his friends he raved about the trade of the Orient as Napoleon raved of India to Narbonne. "The trade of the East," he would say, "has built up more of the great cities of the world than any other. Genoa, Venice, Antwerp, and Hamburg were made rich by it. It gave Holland her wealth and power. By the cheapest transportation ever known, I will reverse the immemorial course of trade eastward over the seas, and turn it from Suez to Seattle." Again he was rated a visionary, but again he has set to work to rear his Spanish castles in solid masonry. He sent the ablest men that he could find to study the trade of the Orient and secure the manifest of every ship that entered or left the open ports. By a long contract, he brought the great Japanese steamship line to Seattle, and he built two steamers of his own—the largest that ever sailed the Pacific. He himself secured orders for the first American rails and the first American cotton ever shipped to Japan, and he set about creating a new market for wheat. He told one man of his Utopian purpose: "Our white bread is like the lotus; no nation that once eats it will change to poorer diet. I will make wheat flour as cheap as rice for the millions of the Orient, and our farmers will profit by a new demand." He went about Seattle and Portland explaining to Chinese merchants how bread should be baked. He had "literature" in the native languages scattered in China and Japan to teach the use of flour. He talked to his friend Chin-Gee-Hee, and a trial shipment of American flour was made.

The commerce of the world does not yet flow through Seattle, but in a single year the export of raw cotton from Puget Sound to Japan has mounted to one hundred and sixty million pounds, and within a twelvemonth over two million barrels of flour have gone from Tacoma and Seattle to the Orient.

What of the man? With a body of oak, he is equal to toiling all day and all night and another day without rest. His mind, working ceaselessly, is electrically swift. He selected his huge Seattle terminals within two hours; made the final plans for his westward extension on a single day in Great Falls; and yet at need, moving slowly, he has been known to fence his answers at an anxious conference with New York bankers, and dilate for an hour on the beef value of Hereford steers. His memory is so uncannily perfect that everything he has seen or heard or read seems catalogued as in a card index—ready for instant use. In the days of his presidency he knew the mileage and rate from every one of the hundreds of stations on the Great Northern. He could cite in complex detail the business of his competitors. He knew the voluminous reports of the Inter-State Commerce Commission as a

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priest knows a prayer-book. His sharp eyes, trained in observation, still find interest in everything on the street. He cannot pass a loading truck without cocking his head on one side to see the stenciled markings on the cases. The trivial fact he seizes as a statistical thing, yet, with wider vision, gives it a place in the great tale of the Nation's trade.

"Efficiency" is the only password to his office door. Friendship counts for nothing, and there are no sinecures in his employ. Men, for him, are tools that must do perfect work, or be instantly thrown aside. By rapid promotion a stenographer rose to be head of a department. After a week's trial he was discharged. "Why didn't you retain him as first assistant, where he did so well?" Mr. Hill was asked. "I will have no failures in my business," was his prompt reply. He never has taken a penny's salary for himself, and he pays no high salaries to others. Narrow economy is his abiding passion; and he builds for all time. His great headquarters in St. Paul is as solid and bare as a prison. His house is as grimly strong as a feudal fortress. It is fire, burglar, cyclone proof, so stanchly reared and strengthened with huge beams of steel that its roof could support five locomotives.

Without system himself, he forces the severest routine of method upon others. He is an adept in using the able brains of others; a genius forever miraculously shortening, in invention and administration, the straight line that joins two points. He is desperately impatient, and accomplishes many things by exacting clear impossibilities. "He expects everything to be done yesterday," is the rankling reminiscence of a contractor. But his impatience is easily transformed into a steeled persistence that knows no defeat of an adopted plan. He is intolerant of opposition, despotic, largely ruling by fear. There is not a Great Northern department office but has known his personal violence; and yet this man of terrific passions, often theatrically unrestrained, is capable of rewriting four times a letter that he had started in a burst of anger. A human catapult he seems, yet his hand is as delicate as a cameo-cutter's for the fine lines of diplomacy and finance. By the force of his indomitable will and his cold precision of judgment, by the prestige of success and of unvarying honesty with his stockholders, he rules his business associates; and he has established this authority not over clowns but over the commanding conservatives of Wall Street.

"Small scruples are the tomb of greatness," the Machiavellian saw should run, and Mr. Hill is one of those great men of action who, with thoughts intensely centered on the object toward which they drive, move like a thunderbolt, with immense velocity and in straight lines. Men, singly or grouped, are crushed if they camp before his target. His apology is the apology of the harsh force of our civilization as it inexorably spreads over the earth—the voice of might crying, "In the desperate haste of this great work small scruples give way to rough justice and small interests to great!" Yet there is a reverse of the picture which you shall not forget, for this Thor-like man, terribly centered in his work, often bitterly vindictive with his enemies, can still be a prodigal in large-hearted charity, and sentimentalist enough to destroy an old home rather than "sell his associations."

A leader in the primitive ways of river boat and brigade, James Jerome Hill took the traffic of the old Northwest from sledge and steamer, mule-back and Red River cart, and stowed it in twenty-ton cars. No one has contributed so much to the world's advance in transportation.

He has been part of all our railway progress since the days of the wood burning locomotive; and he sees the close of the great era of railway-building, for he himself has opened our last wilderness.

Always a pioneer in ideas, by dint of his surpassing work in the expansion of the Republic, more than any other man he is the creator of the new Northwest. He has fulfilled the dream of John Jacob Astor, and he has striven mightily at our new National task of fulfilling the dream of Columbus and sending the commerce of the world following western stars until the Orient becomes the Occident.

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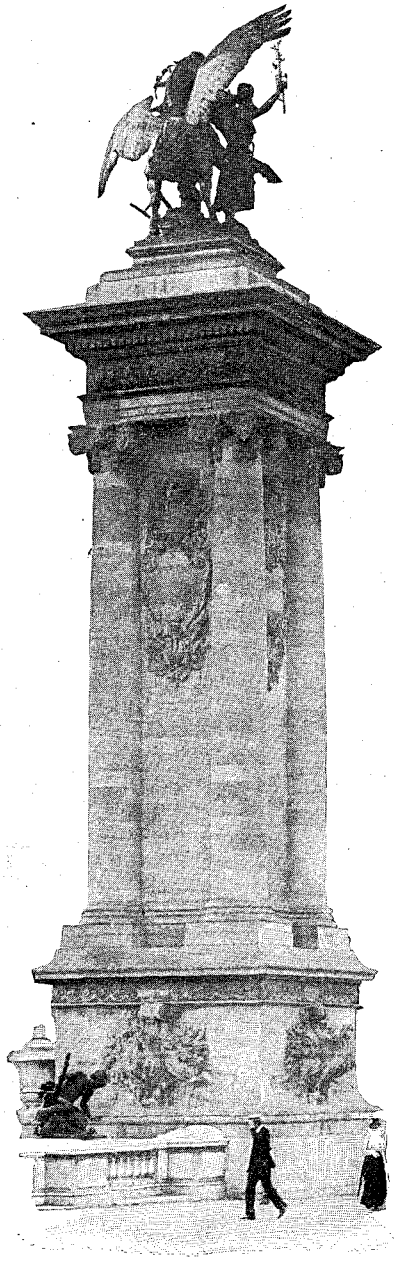
THE STREETS OF PARIS

BY RALPH D. BLUMENFELD

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT



A COLUMN ON THE BRIDGE OF ALEXANDER THE THIRD

THERE is no city in the world with the same fascination as that possessed by Paris for the people who have really lived in it and have learned to love it. There is, too, no city that has so well defined an individuality. In a sense, every other capital in the world may be said to epitomize the country to which it belongs. In London you are in England. In New York you are in the United States. In Berlin you are in Prussia. But in Paris you are in Paris. In a curiously well-defined way, Paris is not France. It has set the tune to France on many a historic occasion, carrying its neighbors along by the very force of its ebullient enthusiasm; but between the Parisian and the dweller in Lille or Lyons, Bordeaux or Marseilles, or on the countryside of Brittany and Provence, there is an immeasurably greater gulf than there is between the Londoner and the Liverpudlian, or the man of New York and the man of Philadelphia.

Paris is Paris—a wonderful, beautiful city, where for generations old men have seen visions and young men have dreamed dreams—a city of enthusiasms, a city that has often been not only the home but the birthplace of causes born only to be lost—a city of pleasure, if you will, but more truly a city where one finds on every hand evidences of the appreciation of Alphonse Daudet's "joie de vivre!"

The experienced traveler has learned that every city set up by the hand of man possesses a distinctive smell. Paris has this in a superabundant degree. I do not say that all its streets have exactly the same smell, or that the stately avenues of the Champs Élysées give one the same olfactofy impression as the crowded byways of the Faubourg St. Antoine. But it is certainly true that if one were carried on a magic carpet and dumped down in dead darkness at the Gare du Nord or the Gare St. Lazare, one would know at once, and instinctively, that one was again within the walls of Paris.

It is curious, and from some points of view regrettable, that the ordinary visitor to the French capital is content to know so little and see so little of its manifold interests and

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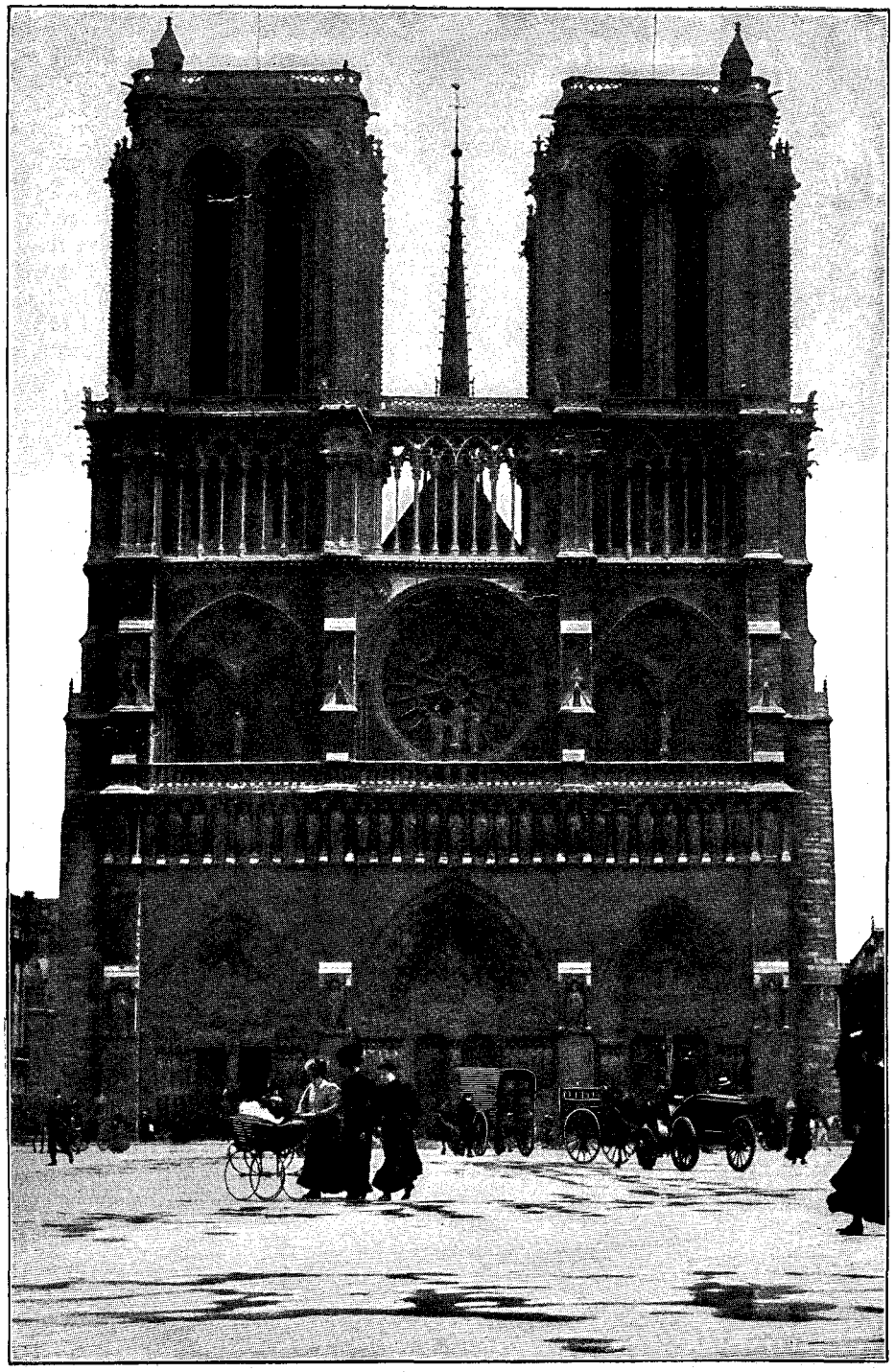

NOTRE DAME

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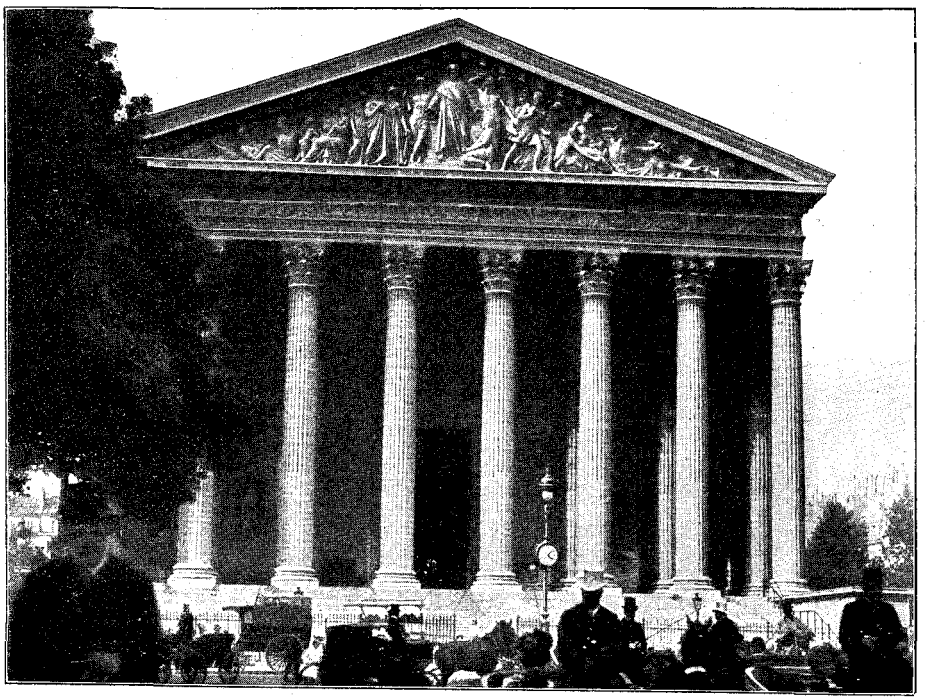
beauties. He arrives probably at the Gare du Nord, at the top of the Rue Lafayette, perhaps the dullest and most uninteresting street in the whole city, drives down to the Grand Hotel or the Continental, and is content to spend his two or three weeks wandering up or down the Grands Boulevards, going south as far as the Bon Marché, west to the Bois or possibly to the races at Longchamps, north to occasional midnight trips to Montmartre, and east perhaps as far as the Place de la République. He will dine well and expensively at Paillard's or Durand's, probably be bored by a performance at the Théâtre Français, or pleasantly shocked by an evening at the Tabarin, and imagine, after his three weeks' stay has concluded, that he has seen the most varied and the most pleasant city in the world. Or maybe he will industriously follow a more extended tourist itinerary guided by gold-laced interpreters, seeing much and understanding nothing. If there is one part of Paris that is less Parisian than another, it is the long stretch of boulevards running from the Madeleine to the Place de la République, and the great international streets, like the Rue Royale and the Avenue de l'Opéra. On a summer's day in this locality one will hear as much English, or perhaps one should say as much American, as French. This center of the city is indeed perhaps the most Anglo-Saxon district on the Continent of Europe. It can hardly, indeed, be regarded as the essential Paris at all. One must go further with inquiring eyes and acute understanding.

Much has been written in foreign magazines and newspapers of the Quartier Latin, immortalized by Henri Murger's "La Vie de Bohême," which perhaps most people know nowadays through Puccini's opera. The Quartier Latin is the district approached from the Grands Boulevards by crossing the Pont Neuf, passing the Palais de Justice and Notre Dame, and traversing the long Boulevard St. Michel, which leads to the Luxembourg and the Luxembourg Gardens. To a very large extent the glory of this bohemian quarter of Paris has disappeared. Many of the writers and artists have migrated up the hill to Montmartre; but still, from its closeness to the Sorbonne and other famous schools, it retains its population of students and of grisettes (the heroines of so



THE MADELEINE

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PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

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many untrue romances), who, despite rumors to the contrary, have not yet quite died out. In the Quartier they still remember Paul Verlaine, the great poet whose life was such an extraordinarily tawdry tragedy, and on the pavement of the Boul' Mich one may still meet curiously long-bearded young men clothed in picturesque corduroy trousers which bulge at the knees and fit very tightly round the ankles. One can dine excellently in the Quartier Latin at the Café Harcourt, now quite a fashionable restaurant; at the Taverne du Panthéon; and personally I have a habit, when on the all too rare occasions nowadays I cross to fair "Lutetia," to dine in the evening at one of the two places I have mentioned and to go on after dinner to the Concert Rouge, where one pays two francs to sit in rather a stuffy little room and listen to a most admirable classical concert performed by an exquisitely balanced orchestra—the two francs entitling one also to a glass of beer. It always seems to me that this little concert-room, which is nothing more than a café, and which is jammed with people every night all the year round, is a striking evidence of the art enthusiasm which exists among the Parisians.

"THE PICTURESQUE SERGENT DE VILLE WAVING HIS WHITE BATON"

More interesting perhaps in these days than even the Quartier Latin is the district of Montmartre, reached by going north up the hill either by way of the Rue Blanche or the Rue Pigalle until one reaches the Boulevard de Clichy, which is the main street of the Montmartre quarter. Montmartre is essentially the night district of modern Paris. On the road north one passes the Casino de Paris, the scene of periodic elaborate fancy dress balls much more artificial and much more interesting than the dances at the Bullier on the other side of the Seine. At Montmartre itself there are the well-known all-night cafés, the Tabarin, the Rat Mort, the Rabelais, and others, and a whole collection of dull and vulgar places of amusement mainly existing for the benefit of tourists. The Moulin Rouge, which for a generation has been quoted as a typical place of Paris "fast" life, and at its best was dreadfully boring, has been turned into a music hall, but remains far less distinctively Parisian than La Cigale, in its near neighborhood, which is essentially French, and the curious Cabaret des Quat'z Arts, where in a low room at the back of a Teutonic-looking café half a dozen poets sing their own compositions night after night to crowded and appreciative audiences. The little Boite à Fursy, which used to be known to fame as the Chat Noir, is also a very distinctive place of amusement, where the entertainment, while it would hardly pass the public approval in the United States, has distinct artistic merit.

Montmartre is indeed an intensely fascinating quarter, because it supplies in brief an epitome of modern Paris. In the streets to the north of the Boulevard

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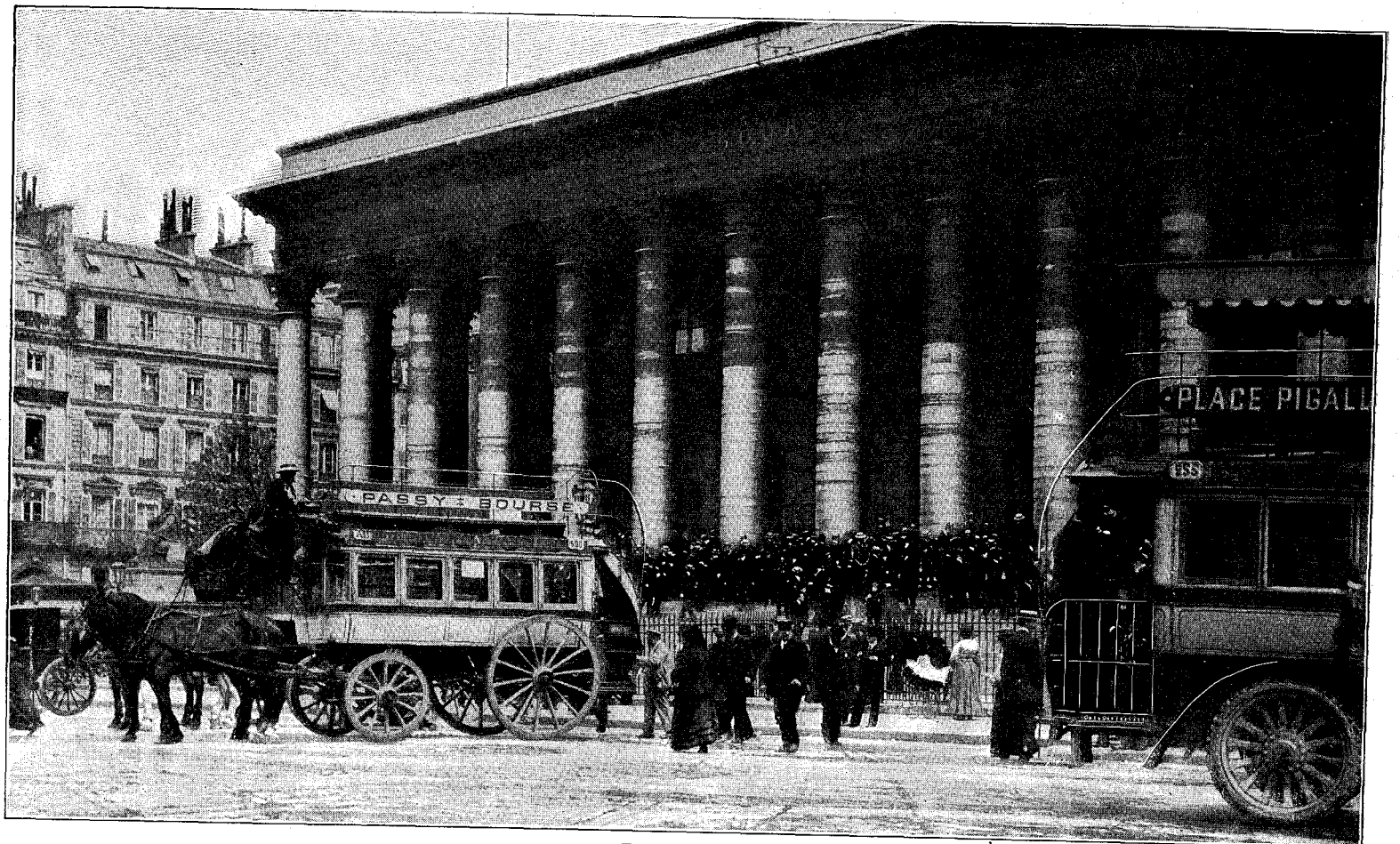

THE BOURSE

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RUE ROYALE, LOOKING ACROSS THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE TO THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES AND THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES

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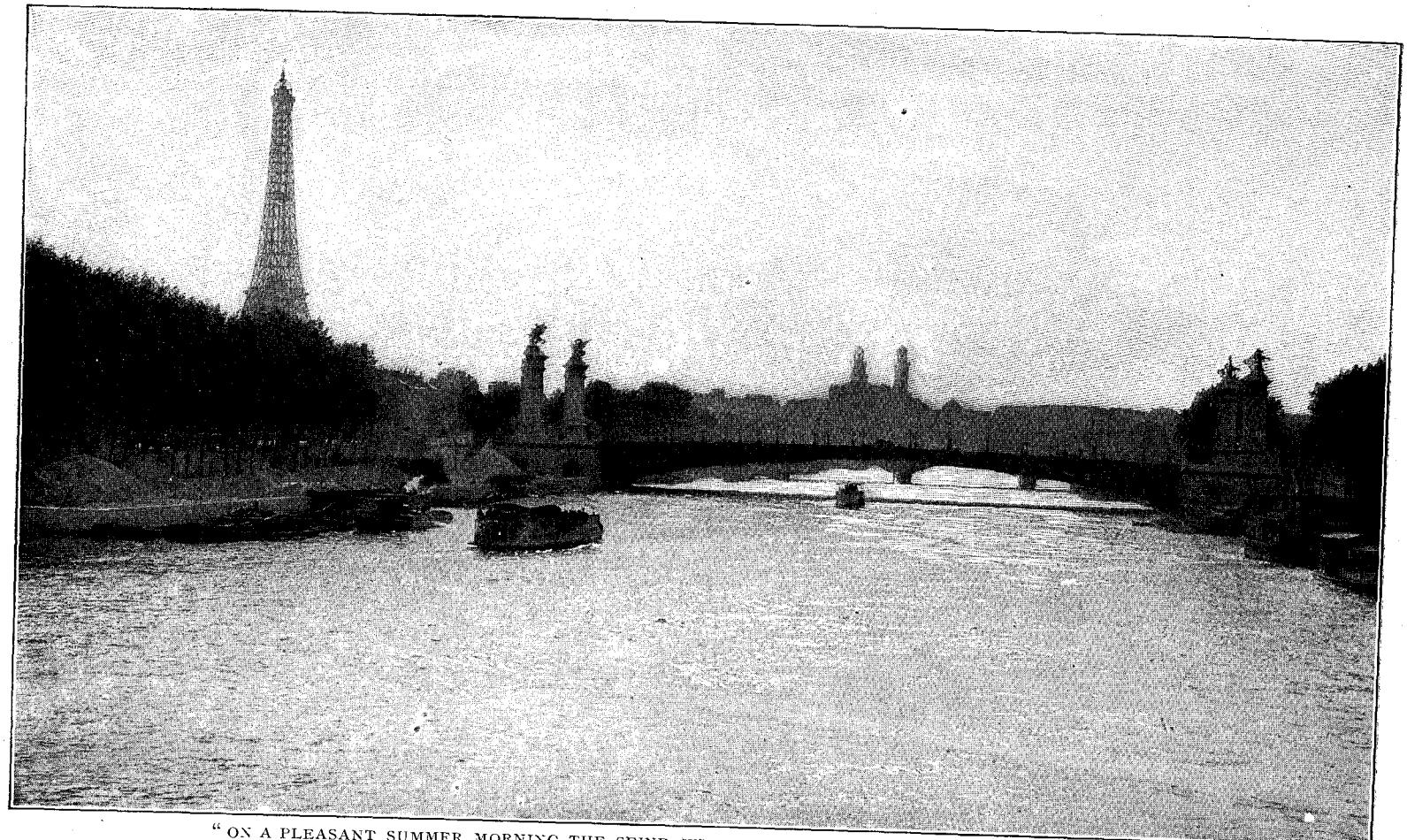

"ON A PLEASANT SUMMER MORNING THE SEINE, WITH ITS FAST LITTLE SCREW STEAMERS AND ITS BORDER-LINE OF TREES, IS AS CHARMING A RIVER AS EVEN A CHARMING CITY COULD DESIRE"

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Clichy and in the immense houses on the Boulevard itself live artists, journalists, musicians, actors, and actresses, with a very large sprinkling of foreigners to accent the inevitable cosmopolitan note. Round about are innumerable places of entertainment, some, as I have suggested, better to be avoided, others highly interesting from many points of view. In its cafés in the daytime one may lunch and dine cheaply and well, while a few hours afterwards, when night has settled down, in the same establishments one may pay ruinous prices for unsatisfactory suppers. And cheek by jowl with respectable, well-conducted restaurants one can find evil-looking drinking-shops, the haunts of those reckless criminals who are the curse of modern Paris, and whose murderous junketings are frequently carried out under the shadows of the trees in the Boulevard de Clichy itself.

It is obviously impossible in the limits of a necessarily short article to describe in any detail the joys of a city which could only, as a matter of fact, be incorporated into words by the greatest of literary artists. Possibly an effective way of giving some idea of what Paris

THE PANTHÉON

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has ready to offer to the judicious stranger within its gates would be to describe a typical day spent by a man who knows. I do not, it will be seen, include in this typical day visits to picture galleries or museums, though they should certainly not be ignored; the descriptions of those can be found voluminously set out in every guide-book printed in such large type that even he who runs may read. Paris, like New York, is an early-rising city. Shops are open and business men are in their offices a good two hours before London sets itself to work. The streets, indeed, on a summer morning are well filled at six o'clock and are crowded at eight. I will suppose that our judicious friend is stopping at some hotel near the Grands Boulevards, and that he is up and about, after having taken his first breakfast of rolls and coffee, about nine. That is to say, he has two or three hours to spend before time for *déjeuner*. If he is a wise man, he will walk south, going down the Avenue de l'Opéra, past the Théâtre Français, turning to the left past the Louvre and on to the side of the Seine. On a pleasant summer morning the Seine, with its fast little screw steamers and its border-line of trees, is as charming a river as even a charming city could desire. Our friend, if he be a sight-seer, may go on eastward to Notre Dame, or, if he be a still wiser man, will cross the river to find on the other side a long line of peddlers with book-stalls, where the bibliomaniac may pick up the most extraordinary bargains, and where he is almost certain to find many interesting purchases. Keeping still towards the left, he will go up a small street which will bring him to the Odéon theater, now under the management of the famous Antoine, and thence into the Quartier Latin, resting a while, it may be, in the gardens of the Luxembourg and then going on by way of the Faubourg St. Germain, that stately street inhabited by people who still hug to their breasts the illusion that France may again one day be a kingdom or an empire. Then he will pass the Chamber of Deputies, cross the river by the Pont de la Concorde, which brings him to the famous Place, and thence by way of the Rue Royale to the Boulevards once again. This walk will have shown him much of the old

COUNTRYMEN COME IN TO MARKET

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AN OPEN-AIR FLOWER MARKET

Paris which still remains on the left bank of the Seine; and if he has eyes to see and the curiosity to go up side streets, he will have had an amazingly good morning. Then, if he is wise and his pocket has its limitations, he will lunch, and lunch most admirably, at Vian's in the Rue Daunou, or at Silvain's behind the Opera-House. Luncheon over, our wise man will sit for an hour outside the Café de la Paix watching the wonderful kaleidoscopic crowd passing and repassing. The great difference between the street of almost every other town in the world and the Paris street is that in other towns a street is merely a road between one place and another, to be traversed as quickly as possible, while your Parisian lives his life in his streets. The street is his home. In New York, Chicago, San Francisco, London, or Berlin, too, every man dresses like every other man, and is never picturesque. In Paris the costumes vary with the individual. In front of you as you sit sipping your coffee pass the typical Paris cabman, hampered in these days by the taximétre, and regulated by the picturesque *sergent de ville* waving his white baton. Horse omnibuses clatter by, and carts driven by blue-bloused carmen, smart broughams, and recklessly driven motor-cars. On the pavement one sees the elegant *mondaine;* the little work-girl, exquisitely tidy, and with the charm of her hair unspoiled by the addition of a garish hat; red-trousered soldiers, long-haired poets, natty officers; the old-fashioned boulevardier, with the straight-brimmed, tall hat, with his son wearing clothes made in London; men of all nationalities and of none—Parthians, Medes, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia. Then one charters a "taxi-cab" and drives out to the Bois, finding when one reaches the Avenue des Champs Élysées that hundreds of other people have had the same idea. You drive into the Bois, pass the Cascade, and around by Longchamps, and stop at Armenonville, the most interesting of the cafés of the wood, where all Paris nowadays takes its afternoon tea or maybe still surreptitiously sips its absinthe. One dines at least once during one's visit "chez Marguéry," the wonderful bourgeois restaurant famous

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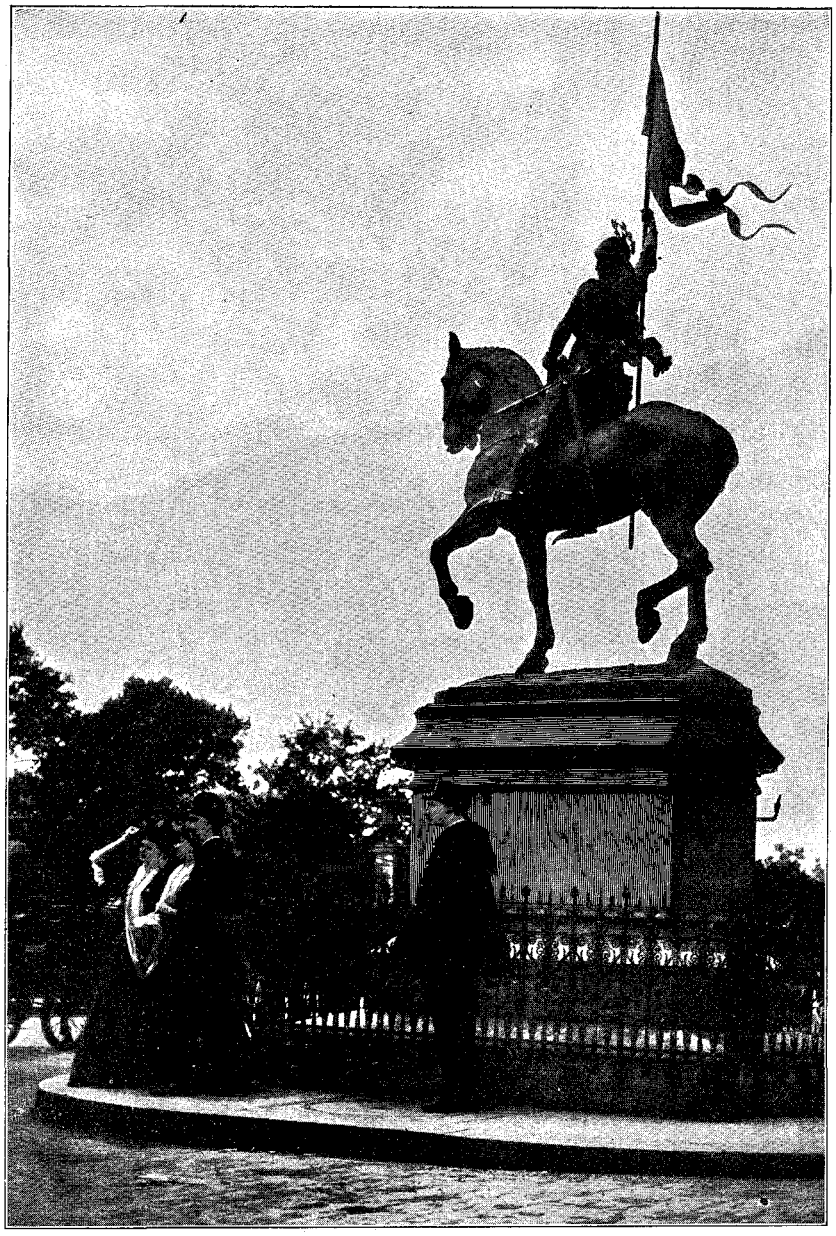

THE STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC

for its "sole Marguéry," and whose proprietor, now a very old man, still bows one a stately welcome at the door. After dinner, maybe a theater, maybe a music hall, and afterwards an hour at the Café Napolitaine, where one sees all the most famous actors and writers of the day sipping chocolate at half-past twelve; or possibly two or three hours in one of the Montmartre resorts. And so a day of wondrous variety comes to an end.

It is difficult, however, to bring a cursory description of the attractions of Paris to an end. One remembers long drives through dull streets till one has reached the Bois de Vincennes at the extreme eastern end of the city; river trips to St. Cloud, street-car trips to

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Versailles, and train trips to St. Germain, and even to Fontainebleau. But he will be a dull tourist indeed who does not realize that while Paris more than any other city in the world offers him with both hands days full of interesting pleasure, all around him is a strenuous population which, while it knows how to live joyfully and happily, may be compared with the citizens of any other city of the world for its industry and its devotion to business. The Parisian is a hard worker, and Paris, with all its gayety and in its essence, is a very strenuous city.

We who go to the French metropolis for pleasure are wont to look upon the Parisian as a person utterly indifferent to the cares and responsibilities of business, for we see him, or we imagine we do, sitting always, from morning until night, on the pavement in front of his favorite drinking-place, gossiping politics, gesticulating interminably, and growing excited as he drips, drips, drips the water from a carafe into the wormwood that has sent so many of his countrymen to their early graves. But these are far more provincials that we see on the pavements out of business hours than Parisians. Your true Paris citizen is a man who works from seven to seven; after which he gives himself up to pleasure. But when he works he has but one idea—that of saving enough money to enable him one day to be able to sit incessantly in the sun on the boulevard nearest his home; to make it possible for him to go once a year to Fontainebleau; to give him the means to go out into the provinces, where there are tiny birds to shoot on Sundays; and to be in a position to eschew trade forever after having attained the age of sixty, by living on a rent-roll of a couple of thousand francs a year. The idea of leaving his beloved Paris to live in the country never occurs to him. He clings to his town like the ivy to the oak, and so he works and plods in his own particular groove year in and year out,

THE GRAND PALAIS DES BEAUX-ARTS IN THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES

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thanking God that he is a Parisian and not a Lyonnais or a Marseillais, on whom the same sun may shine as long and as brilliantly, but who do not live in Paris! The Parisian cannot understand the point of view of such poor folk as those who come from America or England. "Why do they live there?" he asks. "They all have to come here at one time or another. Then why not come to Paris for good? Surely it is the only town in the world!" That is the Parisian view of the world. New York? That is the place where the tourists come from—those tourists who have much money and many daughters. London? That terrible town across the Manche, where the people are all grime and are downtrodden by lords. Berlin? Bah! Paris alone, unrivaled, unquestioned. He asks nothing more than to live on the boulevards, and to die there too.

THE THINGS THAT COUNT

BY CLARENCE URMY

Not what we have, but what we use;
Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar;
Not what we seem, but what we are—
These are things that make or break,
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;
Not what we dream, but good we do—
These are the things that shine like gems,
Like stars, in Fortune's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give;
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after Time shall cease.

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THE STORY OF MANUEL LEVINE

BY ERNEST POOLE

IN Cleveland one autumn night ten years ago, down in the wicked old Sixteenth Ward, an immigrant boy of eighteen was walking the streets, getting first impressions of America. He was short and stocky, with a shock of black hair and a broad square face, with low thick nose, wide resolute jaws, and little deep-set twinkling black eyes. It was an old face—heavily lined. For Levine was a Russian Jew. When a little chap of thirteen, he had left his village in Russia, gone to a university town, earned his living at odd jobs, and so begun his education. An intense, steady plodder, he had learned fast. And books were not his only teachers. For the Russian Government, by making him fight for every step in his education because he was a Jew, and by the revolting scenes that it showed him, the flogging of women and children by Cossacks and police, had taught him the meaning of despotism. And a kindly old German professor, with other friends, men of the Liberal group then fast rising in power, had taught him the meaning of freedom in other lands. In those five years he had been drawn more and more into the movement; and again and again in secret meetings he had heard the American Constitution discussed; the Declaration of Independence he knew by heart. And so now, having worked day and night to save money, he had escaped across the Russian frontier and had come to America, full of hopes and dreams and ideals of this mighty free Republic. He felt dazed, he told me, that night ten years ago. The impressions were coming so fast.

It was election eve. Before a large hall, its entrance brilliantly lighted, he read a huge sign in Yiddish inviting him in. The hall was jammed with some two thousand immigrants—peddlers, most of them. On the platform, under the Stars and Stripes, sat a police court judge and two assistant police prosecutors; and presiding, the boss of the ward, known far and wide as "the Czar." The Czar spoke in Yiddish.

"My friends," he said, "they blame you for buying and receiving stolen property; they arrest and bring you into court; they want to punish you. Remember what I am now telling you! Several years ago I, too, had to peddle rags and junk. When driving my horse and wagon all day, facing the freezing winter, I very often could find nothing to buy. Under such circumstances I helped myself when I got the chance. I asked no questions. When I was offered a bargain in iron or brass, I took advantage of it. I was always careful to cover the goods up, and did my best to escape the vigilance of the police department. My friends and brethren, if you can do the same, do it. And should you get into trouble on that score, come to me. We have got the whole bunch 'skinned'! For here are *our* judges and *our* prosecutors. They are with us to-night and are with us 'all the time.'" In the roar of applause that followed, many standing on their chairs, the Czar again rose and announced that on the morrow any friend of his who would give up a day's work to help on "the cause" would receive a reward of three dollars. Again came the burst of applause. The band played "Hail Columbia!" And Levine went out.

Not far away, on a night soon after this, he was attracted to another lighted building, the Hiram House, a social settlement then in its infancy. Here, from George Bellamy, the head worker of the House, he began to get other ideas of American city life. His old hopes and dreams began to revive. He borrowed a German-English dictionary, joined a social reform club, and tried to debate in English. He was helped to get pupils in German and so earned a scanty living.

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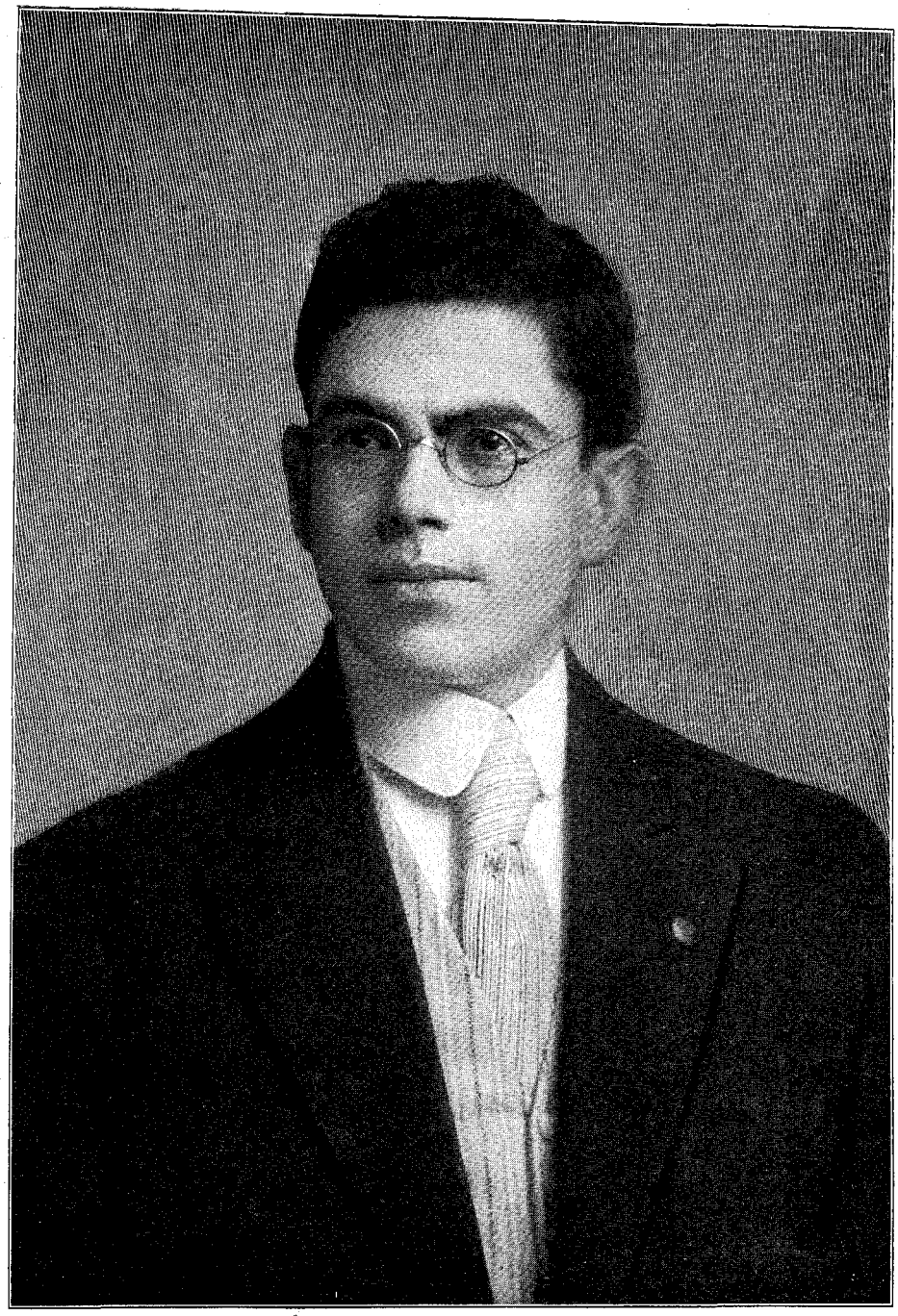

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE NEWMAN STUDIO

MANUEL LEVINE

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He went to night school. He worked sixteen hours a day, and put in every spare hour on law. And at last, through Bellamy's aid, he was admitted to the Western Reserve University and began the three-year law course.

"Levine was a pitiful figure that first year," one of his Law School professors told me. "Straining with his meager understanding of English to take in the lectures, his face set hard, he made barely any progress, and at the end of the first year I came near advising him to give up, for it seemed a hopeless waste of his time. But Levine kept on. And at the end of the second year he was one of the first men in his class!"

In the following summer he heard that back in Russia his mother had died and his old father was very ill. So he sent all his tuition money to Russia, offered his promissory note to the Law School, and kept on. He averaged about six hours' sleep that year. He tried the examinations both for school-teachers and for the bar. "I was quite happy," he told me, "when I passed all those examinations and became a full-fledged lawyer."

In the next year, working hard at teaching and an occasional case at law, he frequented the police court and watched the "Czar's" system in full swing. The more he watched, the more definite grew his ambition. And one year later, through the help of Bellamy and other friends, he was appointed an assistant police prosecutor. This was in 1903, when, under Mayor Johnson, reform had swept into Cleveland's city government.

"I appointed Levine," Mr. Baker, the Chief Solicitor (District Attorney), told me, "because I knew I could trust him to show his own people, the immigrants, that, in spite of all they had learned, there was such a thing as justice in America—equality before the law."

Levine began work at once. While, with his colleagues, he gathered the evidence to be used later in cleaning out the court, he made an informal court-room of his office. Here in the next year he persuaded hundreds to settle their quarrels out of court. Here wives were persuaded to forgive brutal husbands, here husbands were warned and given a chance to do better. Here all kinds of petty fights and bad feelings were talked out of people. The city was saved thousands of dollars in court expenses, and thousands of dollars more remained in the pockets of the immigrants. The shyster lawyers and other court vultures lost a large per cent of their prey. And the name of Levine began to spread through the foreign quarters.

But there were graver cases. One day a Hungarian workman came in. He had just arrived in America and had paid two dollars to an immigrant employment agency; they had sent him to place after place for work; in eight days he had gone to twenty-five places, had found no work at any one, had used up all his scanty savings—and was desperate. He had heard of Levine and had come for help. Levine began investigating these bureaus. He found that many had no connection whatever with employers, but simply cut the "want ads" from the morning papers. And worse—in one agency for girls the manager was always out; but his woman clerk took the fees and assured the girls—mainly country girls—of work in certain places. Most of these places were dives of the lowest order. With evidence collected, he began a vigorous prosecution. Four of the most notorious bureaus had their licenses revoked. And the others took warning.

Meanwhile Levine and his colleagues had been quietly getting ready to attack the Czar's power in court. Both police court rooms and the corridors outside were in the hands of the Czar's lieutenants—bondsmen, shyster lawyers, and their "cappers." The turn of the bondsmen came first.

The professional bondsmen made their fattest profits on women of the street. Standing in with the police, these bondsmen often secured the arrest of such women; in the cells they demanded often several hundred dollars as security for the bail bond; and then, when the woman was released, by intimidation and threats they drove her out of town, *pocketing the security she had left behind her*. Chief among these bondsmen was the brother of the Czar, whose power was so noto-

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rious that he had built up quite a clientele of women who paid him regularly for freedom from arrest. When at last one woman rebelled, she was promptly arrested and the Ring gave her to him to be bailed. He extorted his usual fee, and as usual tried to drive her out of town. She reported to the prosecutors. Levine and his fellows worked hard for several weeks collecting evidence, then arrested the Czar's brother, and, in the teeth of the Ring's desperate opposition, threats and bribery of witnesses, they tried him by jury and sentenced him to jail.

This conviction they followed by "the personal bail system," under which women of the street were allowed to sign their own bond. "Suppose they do skip bail and leave town," Levine reasoned, "isn't Cleveland glad to be rid of them?" The system was later extended to include teamsters arrested for traffic disturbance, and also to tenants arrested for violation of health laws. For these and other petty offenses defendants were allowed to sign their own bonds. The system worked to perfection. The bondsmen still had their chance among graver criminal offenders. But they were watched, and at last Levine called them into his office. He showed the evidence piled up against them, and asked them to choose between meeting the charges or getting out of court. They got out. And the back of the old graft system was broken.

The shyster lawyers and their "cappers" who drum up business came next.

"A big Slav workman came to me," said Levine. "He had just been released from the workhouse, and he told this story: 'I hit a man an' I got arrested. In my cell a Slav came. He wore a badge. He ask if I have money. I tell him yes, I have saved ten dollars. He say he is a big man in court, an' he can get me easy free. I pay. But he do nothing. I go to jail. When I come out, I go an' ask for my ten dollars because he do nothing. He swear, an' say he put me again in jail; so I come to you.'

"I found the story was true. I got evidence, tried the capper on extortion, and sent him to the workhouse. A month after his release I found him busy again. A certain poor shopkeeper, a woman, owed a small debt. He came to her, representing himself as a lawyer, and when to all his threats of arrest she only repeated that she had no money, he committed criminal assault. On this charge he is now serving a six months' sentence. A few more times and he will learn.

"The lawyer for whom this capper got cases on a commission had himself been an assistant police prosecutor. Here is one case of how the two worked:

"An Austrian was arrested on a charge of assault, and an old friend of his called to bail him out. The capper introduced him to the lawyer, and the lawyer got his bondsman. 'As we don't know you,' said the lawyer, 'I require my fee—fifty dollars—in advance.' This was paid. 'Now,' said the lawyer, 'what security have you for my friend here, who is to sign the bond for the prisoner?' The old Austrian said that he had a hundred and fifty dollars in the bank. He was told to go home for his bank book, and when he brought it the lawyer showed him a legal paper in English which the old man could not read. 'This,' said the lawyer, 'is to say that you have left your bank book with me as security. You must sign it here.' The old man signed. The paper was simply a transfer, ordering the bank to pay the old man's money to the lawyer. The same day the lawyer drew the money and deposited it in his own bank. When the case was over and the Austrian asked for his bank book, the lawyer sent him to the bondsman, the bondsman sent him to the lawyer. And after a sleepless week he came to me. I went to the bank, got the bank book and the transfer, and had the old man sign an affidavit. Then I sent for the lawyer. He was a man with a most respectable name in town, and he was most indignant at the slur on his reputation. But when I showed him the bank book and the transfer, he turned white, said nothing, went out, came back soon and laid the hundred and fifty dollars on the table. The old Austrian was present. I told him to take his money, and I warned the lawyer that we would hold the evidence over him—to avoid future trouble."

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This was only one case. Four years of such work by Levine and his colleagues has reduced the power of shyster lawyers and their "cappers" to a minimum. And constant vigilance now makes the life of the shyster a hard one.

"Don't give me the credit for all this," said Levine. "We have all worked together. Only, being a foreigner myself, I have been able to do the most among immigrants."

But the attack on the Justice Courts was led, as Solicitor Baker assured me, by Levine from beginning to end.

The jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace, instead of being confined to their own townships, had been extended to include the whole county in which Cleveland lies. Many residents of Cleveland, unable to secure election as justices there, had removed to outlying townships, procured their election, and then returned to establish offices in the city. Unlike the justices elected in the city, these men were paid no salaries, but instead were allowed to pocket all justice fees. The fees, as more and more corrupt justices came into power, mounted high, and in many cases became their sole motive for issuing criminal process. In connection with these courts, scores of collectors and hangers-on had spread over the city, stirring up litigation with the consent of some justice, who rewarded their efforts by appointing them as special constables in the cases they brought to his court, and allowing them exorbitant fees for their services—fees which, like his own, were extorted from the defendants, and often amounted to twenty times the claim. In drumming up business so profitable, all kinds of corruption crept in. False affidavits, forged undertakings in attachment, false returns of amounts collected by constables—all this was common. Several justices even sold affidavits and other court papers signed by them in blank at stated prices. The papers were kept by constables and collectors as stock in trade. These they filled in themselves, and so set in motion the machinery of the law without even bringing the matter to the attention of the justice. The justice shut his eyes and almost invariably entered judgment for the plaintiff without the least inquiry into the merits of the case. The constables in collecting met little resistance, as their victims were usually ignorant working men and women who could not afford lawyers. And as for the claimant, he often got but a very small per cent of his claim. An extreme case, proved in court, will illustrate:

A butcher owed a country girl $300. After repeated failures to collect, she put her claim in the hands of a collection agency. A justice ordered the butcher-shop to be sold. The butcher valued his stock at $800. But pending the sale, a friend of the constable was put in charge; and when the sale took place, one-half of the stock was missing. The remainder was appraised at $212. This was sold at public sale to three persons, one of whom was another friend of the constable. And the amount realized was only $77.84. A small amount this—for the girl whose claim was for $300. But the court was not through. Constable fees, $54.84; justice court fees, $6; attorney fees, $15; *money given at last to the country girl, two dollars*. And when Levine brought the justice and the constable to be tried in the criminal court, on the witness-stand the constable made the astounding claim that the girl still owed him $7.50 for his expenses!

Other justices had standing arrangements with railway detectives, who arrested women and boys for picking up coal from the tracks or for riding on cars, and brought them to the justice court. Here the justice prevailed upon the ignorant, frightened defendants to sign waivers to trial by jury and submission to his jurisdiction. Then, having them completely in his power, he extorted every penny they could borrow from friends, and this was divided by the justice and the detective. In some cases boys arrested for riding on cars were fined exorbitant costs, and, being unable to pay, they were committed to the workhouse, there to work out the costs, which the justice then collected from the county.

Such was the "justice" shown to the working people of Cleveland. And the story of Levine's first four years in office shows no more splendid record than this, that, in spite of offered

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bribes and repeated intimidation, he worked straight on; arrested twenty-four justices and constables, and convicted twenty.

In the course of his attack, three justices and several constables entered his office.

"Can't you realize," they asked, "that in attacking men chosen by the people you are committing political suicide? And if you attempt later to practice law, can't you see that you will be knifed by every justice in town?"

"What! gentlemen," he asked, "do you mean that there are no honest justices in Cleveland?"

"There are plenty that are not," said one.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I assure you that when I get through you will be rid of all the dishonest ones!" And one week later he had convicted these same three justices of extortion. When several were sent like common criminals to the workhouse, the others took warning. Since then the Legal Aid Society has continued the work, by legislation to limit the jurisdiction of each justice to the township in which he is elected, and by putting all justices and constables on a regular salary basis. And this is the end of the justice court graft in Cleveland.

I have space here only to mention the other work that Levine has done in the task that has been given him.

The "bull pen" was a room some fourteen feet square. Here in the morning often one hundred and twenty-five men and boys were packed to await their time in the court-rooms—small boys with hardened veterans, the well with those who had contagious diseases. One hot summer, twice in the same week one of the judges went to the country without giving notice ahead, and court was delayed until noon before a substitute judge could be found. The second day this happened Levine went into the stifling "bull pen," picked out forty boys and men, the most trivial of the offenders, ordered the officer in charge to open the doors, and told the forty to go home. When the judge, returning, learned what had been done, he was furious. But the papers took it up. The "bull pen" was shown to the public. Not long after a new waiting-room was prepared four times the size of the old one. And that was only the beginning of the work of cleaning up the jail.

But Levine's activity has been by no means all protection—protection for the trivial offenders, who, bewildered and frightened, fell easy prey to the Czar and his lieutenants. But the hardened criminals have found in Levine and his colleagues a heavy barrier to the old ways of escape by political pull—the Czar's old devices.

Of these the most noted was "the double deal." This device was simple. The judge heard the case, pronounced the offender guilty, and gave him a heavy sentence. But when the plaintiff had gone away satisfied that justice had been done him, the prisoner with the political pull was brought back to court and his sentence was indefinitely suspended. When Levine and his fellows attacked this mode of satisfying both parties, the cases were continued again and again in the effort to tire out the reformers; in the case of one saloon-keeper, twenty times, over a period of more than a year—and then the prisoner was discharged. But this, too, crept into the papers. Reporters learned that there were red-hot stories to be found in court. Sensation followed sensation. And the "double deal" had to go the way of the shyster lawyers.

I have left to the last the Czar and the peddlers whom he assured protection on that night ten years ago.

The Czar's control lay in his power in court. When the reformers were attacking the bondsmen, the shyster lawyers and "cappers," the Czar held on, until one day when two Russian Jews were arrested for a fight on the street. The fight was largely an affair of words, but when the Czar came to their cell he told them that their offense was serious and that they would undoubtedly be sent to the workhouse. The men said they had families; to them the workhouse sounded the same as the penitentiary, and they begged him to save them. The Czar said that a lawyer could not be hired for less than fifty dollars, and when they replied that they could never raise that

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amount, he seemed deeply affected and said that he would have to go into his own pocket. He bailed them both and sent them out to collect what they could. One pawned an old ring of his wife's and raised ten dollars. The other tried to borrow from a friend, and the friend sent him to Levine. Levine learned from the policeman who had made the arrest that the fight was a trivial affair; he summoned both men and told them that a promise of good behavior in the future would probably be all that the court would require, and he advised them to pay the Czar nothing. So in the corridor, when the Czar approached them with his lawyer, they refused to pay. Then Levine called the lawyer into his room.

"How much," he asked, "did the Czar offer you for your services?"

"Five dollars for the two."

"They are poor," said Levine. "Better leave them to me." The lawyer complied, and in court the judge let them go with a warning. But again in the corridor the Czar held them up for the money. Then Levine called them both back, and in open court made them tell the story of the hold-up. So well did he press his point, before newspaper men in the court-room, and so well did it fit in with the Czar's reputation, that the judge gave in, and ordered that henceforth the Czar's bond should not be accepted. The rumor spread like wildfire through the tenements. And the Czar's strongest hold on his voters was loosened.

And the peddlers. Some time ago Levine called three hundred of them together, through their leaders, to organize a society for political independence and mutual aid. He exposed in detail what most of them already vaguely knew—the game that their "friend" had played. He urged them to give up the dealing in stolen goods which the Czar had so strongly recommended. He assured them that they were not outlaws, as the Czar had said. He told them that in America Jews need not fear the police if they complied with the laws. At twelve different meetings he spoke, and the numbers steadily swelled until finally five hundred of them organized—"to be free and keep on the level." And since that time it is amazing how the trade in stolen goods has dropped off.

These are but brief outlines of what I heard in Cleveland.

The Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce told me that Levine, by his vigilance against fake solicitors, had saved the business men of the city some $50,000 a year.

I saw Levine's able chief, Mr. Baker, who has guided his work through the four years. "Levine," he said, "has been absolutely faithful, tireless, an intense, steady worker. I sent him to the people who cannot speak for themselves, to be their voice, to stand for their rights, and to make them feel that we have justice in America. And in this task Levine has made good."

When I met Mr. Jackson, Secretary of the United Charities, he said: "Never in any city have I found a police prosecutor who did so much good work for those who need protection. When our women charity workers go to him for help, even when his office is crowded, they tell me he listens as though he had not another thought on his mind."

And when I asked Mayor Johnson about him, "Levine," he said promptly, "is one of the finest fellows I know. He isn't *all* heart and he isn't *all* law. He combines 'em!"

This is the story of an immigrant's beginning. Levine has gone a long way from the time when at thirteen he left his Russian village; a long way from the night when he heard the Czar tell of American "freedom." And his work has only now begun.

There are many men of this stamp beginning to appear in the foreign quarters of our cities. And the work that they are doing in these days of immigrant problems gives strong hope that perhaps, after all, so long as America is a democracy, the real salvation of the immigrants may be best worked out for them by their own leaders—and by themselves.

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THE BOOK AND THE REVOLUTION

BY LEROY SCOTT

THE day I left Moscow was the publication day of a pamphlet by Count Tolstoy; and my last remembrance of that ancient city of golden domes is of scurrying men and boys, pamphlet-laden, crying through the streets, as murder extras are cried in America: "Tolstoy's latest book! Just out! Five kopeks a copy!" A master writer's book hawked at two and a half cents, this was for me the closing scene in one of the most significant phases of Russia's struggle for freedom —the part taken in that great struggle by the book.

Prior to the Czar's Manifesto in October, 1905, the censorship scanned every line before it could be printed; cut out offending passages, forbade books that touched upon, in critical spirit, the government, the army, the church, or the nobility and its privileges. The press was gagged, bound—save only the underground press. Then came the Manifesto. Never before in history was there such a literary outburst as that which marked the next six months. The press, unbound, sprang into life—tense, feverish life—whirring night and day—throwing off in vast quantities books that never before had dared openly appear in Russia. Authors, translators, compilers, strained to keep even with the press's mad speed. These books poured by the millions and millions all over Russia, to be voraciously seized upon by a people starving for the truth. And these books went not alone to the intellectual classes, who had before been almost the sole readers: they were read in the one-room homes of workingmen, in the one-room cabins of peasants; and to the illiterate there was always some student who was glad to read. The revolution by the book was on.

In the American development of reading, fiction has had the chiefest part. In this volcanic outburst in Russia fiction has had almost no part at all. The people's own life was so full of suspense, of the dramatic, as to make the drama of imaginary characters seem dull commonplace. Besides, they had been allowed fiction before; they now wanted what had been withheld. And it was given them: the truth about the Government's oppression, its corruption, its inefficiency —exposition of the destructive and constructive doctrines of the various anti-Government parties—translations of everything of significance in English, French, German, Italian, on economics and politics; books that before the Manifesto it would have been a Siberian crime to write and publish, and that now again in 1907 to write or publish means prison or Siberia.

The idea behind the production of these books was dissemination of truth and ideas, not profit. So they were printed in such a manner that the poorest could buy them; usually on the cheapest of paper, always with a paper cover. In size they ranged from a pamphlet of eight pages to the ordinary book, and in price from one kopek to one ruble—that is, from half a cent to half a dollar. And a large part of them were written in the simple language of a primary text-book, that the men who barely could read might be able to understand. I have before me a catalogue of a hundred and fifty such books, intended for the self-education of peasants and workmen, the prices of most of which range from one to ten kopeks.

A Moscow bookseller, whose shop was as jammed as an American department store on a bargain day (and many a book-shop in Moscow and St. Petersburg have I seen so crowded), told me that four thousand different new books, practically all on political and economic subjects, had passed through his hands during the last six months of 1906, and an even greater number during the first six months of the year; and that often

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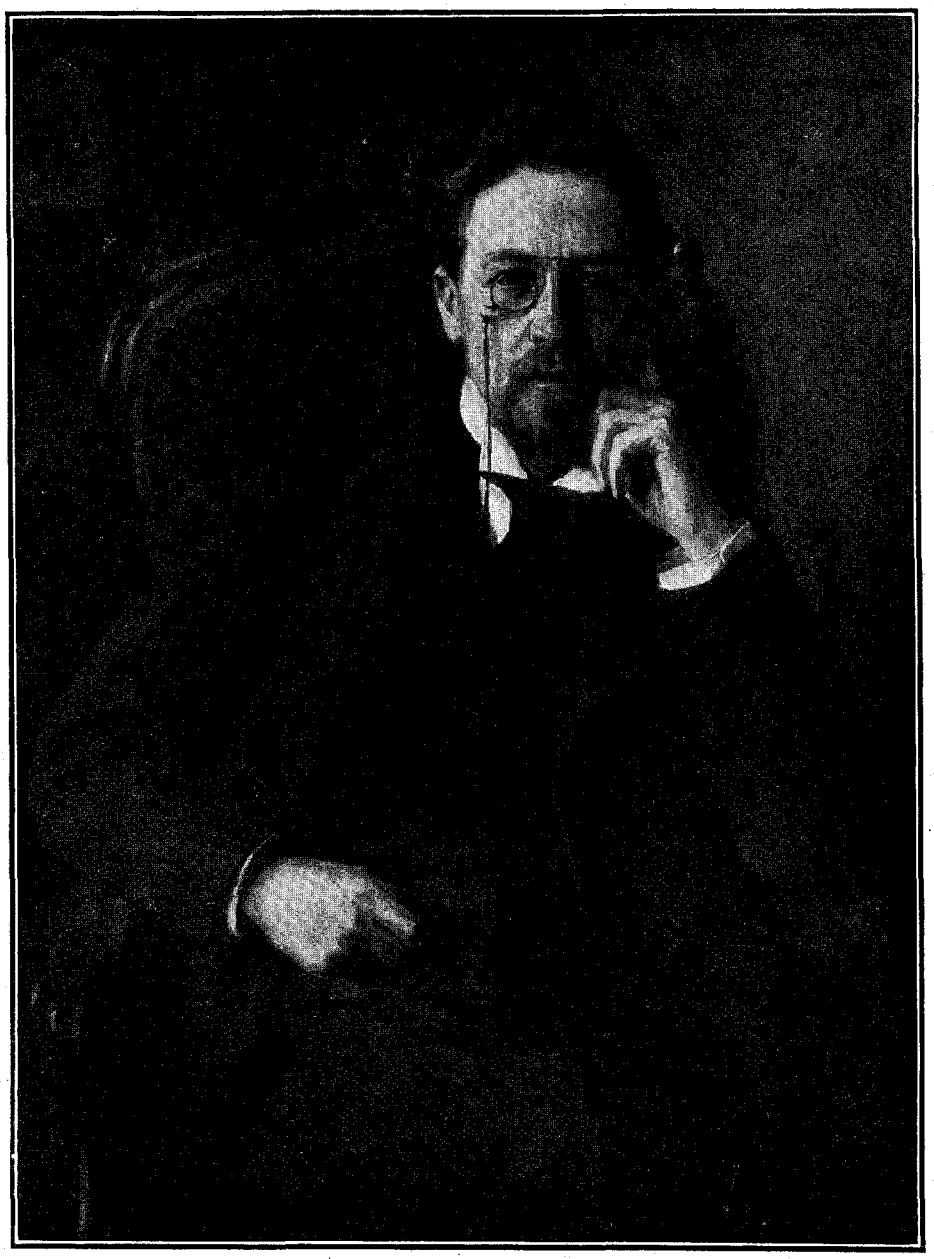

ANTON CHECKOFF

A famous short-story writer. His first stories were light and humorous; his later ones full of the pain, sorrow, and struggle of life

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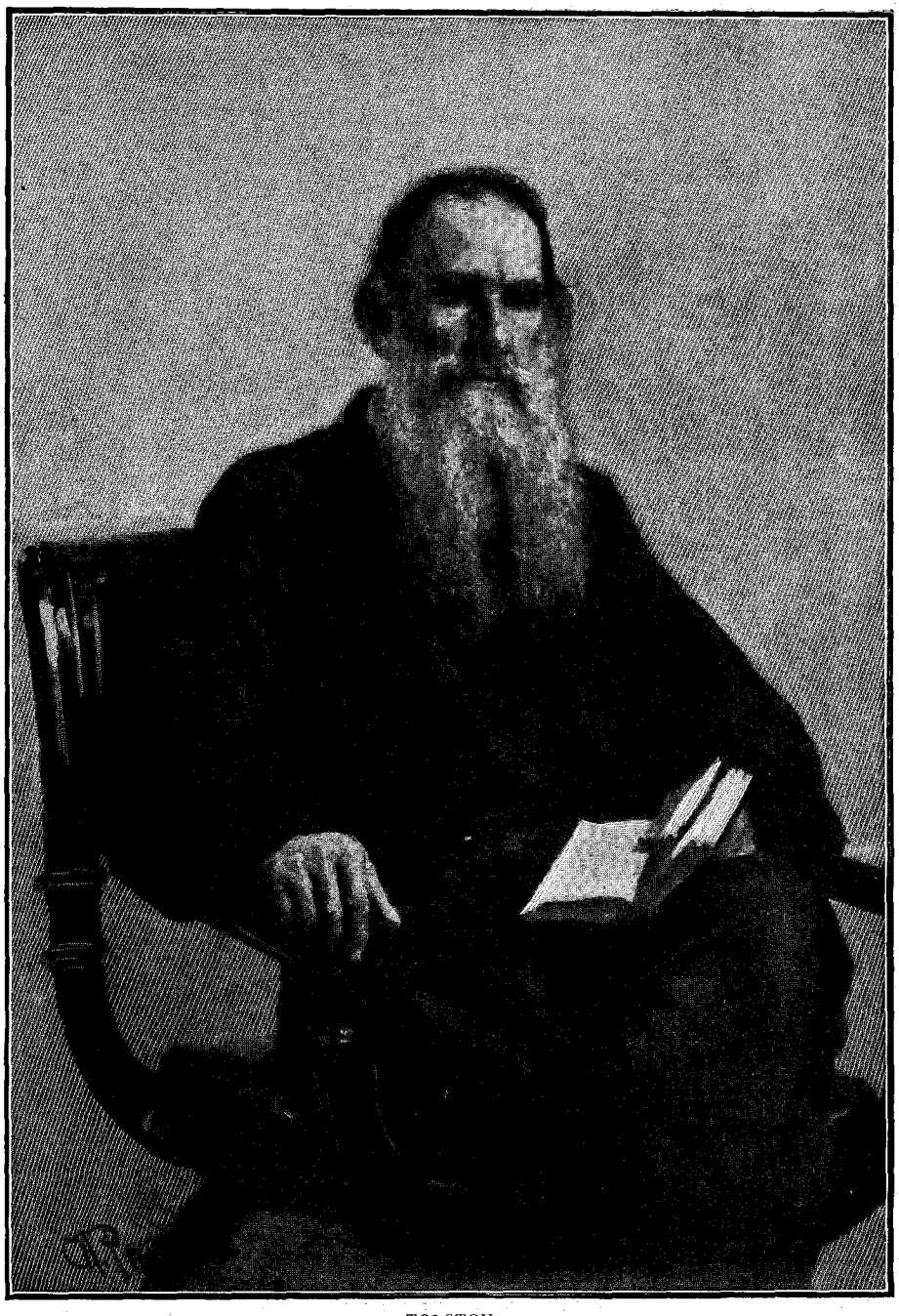

TOLSTOY
From a painting by Repin

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his store sold forty thousand copies a day, at an average price of twenty kopeks. He also told me that his force of clerks was five times greater than it had been just before the Manifesto, and that other dealers had experienced a similar expansion; and that in addition to this fivefold growth of the established shops, entirely new shops had everywhere sprung up. Tremendous as was this output of the presses, the book-starved people eagerly consumed it all.

To get these books to the people, to keep them from the people—here is a great and constant struggle between, on the one side, the censorship, backed up by the police, and, on the other, writer, printer, seller, buyer. To be sure, the censorship is not so rigid in itself, nor so rigidly observed by the publishers, as two years ago. Before the Manifesto every word was scrutinized in the proof in search of some lurking criticism of forbidden subjects. On my desk are the page proofs of a novelette as they came from the St. Petersburg censor's hands in 1905, with words, lines, and whole pages stricken out. The forbidden passages are full of suggestion as to how discreet even a fiction writer had to be. In one place a group of peasants cry out against a stupid, oppressive local justice: "A fool, and yet a judge!" This is a reflection on the judiciary—through it runs the censor's red ink. The following lines refer to an old peasant, strong of spirit, who had incurred disfavor by standing out for the rights of his fellow-villagers: "The judge, infuriated, took an oath to destroy my father. The village police for some time had also been sharpening its teeth against him." This is inimical to a proper respect for both judiciary and police—through it the red ink. "At the end of his life he became almost an atheist; the existence of God he allowed, but in an after life he did not believe." This is not in harmony with the tenets of the church—through it the red ink. Judiciary, police, church, all can be as corrupt as they please; but against passages such as these they must be protected!

In another story this phrase was lined out: "The dove began to quarrel with its mate." The explanation given for this editing was that the dove is Christ's bird, and to speak of Christ's bird as quarreling was a sacrilege that could not be tolerated.

Such censorship as this does not now exist, but its equivalent does. The freedom of press lasted till the dissolution of the first Duma; then it, like all other rights granted by the Manifesto, began to be "interpreted," and now it has practically been "interpreted" away. Writers are still at liberty to write anything they please, and publishers to publish. But as soon as a book or pamphlet comes from the press, it must be submitted to the censorship committee that exists in each chief city; and if the committee disapproves of the book, it is confiscated, and trouble is very likely made for author and publisher. So the difference between the old way and the new is that under the old method an undesirable book was stopped before it went to press, and under the present "freedom of the press" it is stopped after the publisher has been to the expense of having it printed.

Even the Czar's own speeches have fallen under the censor's ban. However, the edition that stirred the censor's wrath was not one printed under imperial auspices to be read and applauded by the nobility, but a flimsy pamphlet of eighty pages sold to the masses at fifteen kopeks. Some revolutionist conceived the idea that nothing could more strikingly prove the incompetence of Nicholas than the words of his own mouth, so the Czar's every public utterance since his accession in 1894—one hundred and seventy speeches in all, the longest one page, the shortest two words—was copied from the official records and made into a book. The effect was as foreseen: people read, and laughed or grew bitter. Nicholas was guilty of lese-majesty against himself. The police got after the book, sought it everywhere; and Nicholas's speeches were added to the most illegal of illegal literature that imperiled the safety of Nicholas's throne.

The censorship, in its bitter struggle to keep this flood of freedom-stirring literature from the people, does not end its care with the publisher; it places

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rigid restrictions upon the bookseller. A Moscow dealer, perhaps the best known in his business in Russia, gave me a copy of the regulations under which he was ordered to conduct his affairs. He was forbidden, in intricate, all-embracing legal terms, to have in his store (1) any printed matter that had been ordered seized by the authorities; (2) editions lacking the name of the publisher, for the absence of this data "always proves the underground nature of the said edition, and the intention of the publisher to escape investigation by the authorities and formal trial;" (3) "photographs and printed pictures of political criminals already sentenced, or under judicial investigation;" (4) "printed articles, containing offensive cartoons, which ridicule the acts of government officials and institutions." The regulations provide that the penalty for having any of this matter in the store will be the closing of the place of business by the authorities; and that circumstances which add to the offense will result in the confiscation of the property.

These hard conditions for publishers and booksellers are made even harder by the fact that military law generally prevails, and each province is a separate autocracy. What passes the chief censorship bureau at St. Petersburg may be seized in the provinces. But publishers and book dealers are not in business alone for gain—a large part of them at least feel it their mission to spread truth to the people; and at a time when the greater part of intellectual Russia is risking personal liberty, and life even, in the effort for national freedom, it is not to be supposed that men of spirit would be stopped from printing and selling by rules and the fear of punishment. Printing and selling go right on; I have bought every variety of forbidden publication. And of course publisher and seller suffer penalties. The very dealer who gave me the regulations above summarized was to have lunched with me a few days after my visit upon him; he did not come, and the reason was that he was in prison for having on sale forbidden books.

This struggle to spread, to stifle, the book has no pause. Publishing houses and book-shops are constantly watched; and frequently they are raided by the police—suddenly, perhaps in the middle of the night, as a gambling-den is raided in America. The publishers, for their part, match their wits against the police's wits, match trickery against regulations and raids.

A practice common with publishers is to print, say, thirty thousand copies of a book and distribute immediately and secretly twenty-nine thousand copies among booksellers, keeping a thousand in stock and entering only a thousand on their records. One copy is then sent to the censor, as required; if the book passes him, all is well. If not, the police seize the thousand copies, thinking it the entire edition; and the incident is closed and the publisher is well content.

Often the trick is born of the emergency. A publisher told me that one midnight, at a time when his plant was running night and day, the police suddenly entered and began to examine his stock, ordering this book confiscated and that. At length they came to a great stack of books wrapped in bundles that covered one wall from floor to ceiling. The officer in command tore open the wrappers of three bundles so that the titles of the books were revealed. "Hum! All the same—about politics," he said. "This stack is confiscated."

The publisher found opportunity to whisper an order to one of his assistants, and after the police had passed into another part of the building, several workmen quickly and silently moved the condemned books into a wareroom whose contents had been approved. From this room they carried bundles of harmless books, wrapped exactly as were the condemned books, and stacked them against the wall where the condemned books had stood, placing the three torn packages in the same relative position that they had previously occupied. Presently the police returned and carried this stack to their wagons.

Immediately the publisher scattered among booksellers the condemned literature he had rescued. A few days later he made polite complaint to the censor that during a recent raid a great quantity of innocent books had been taken from

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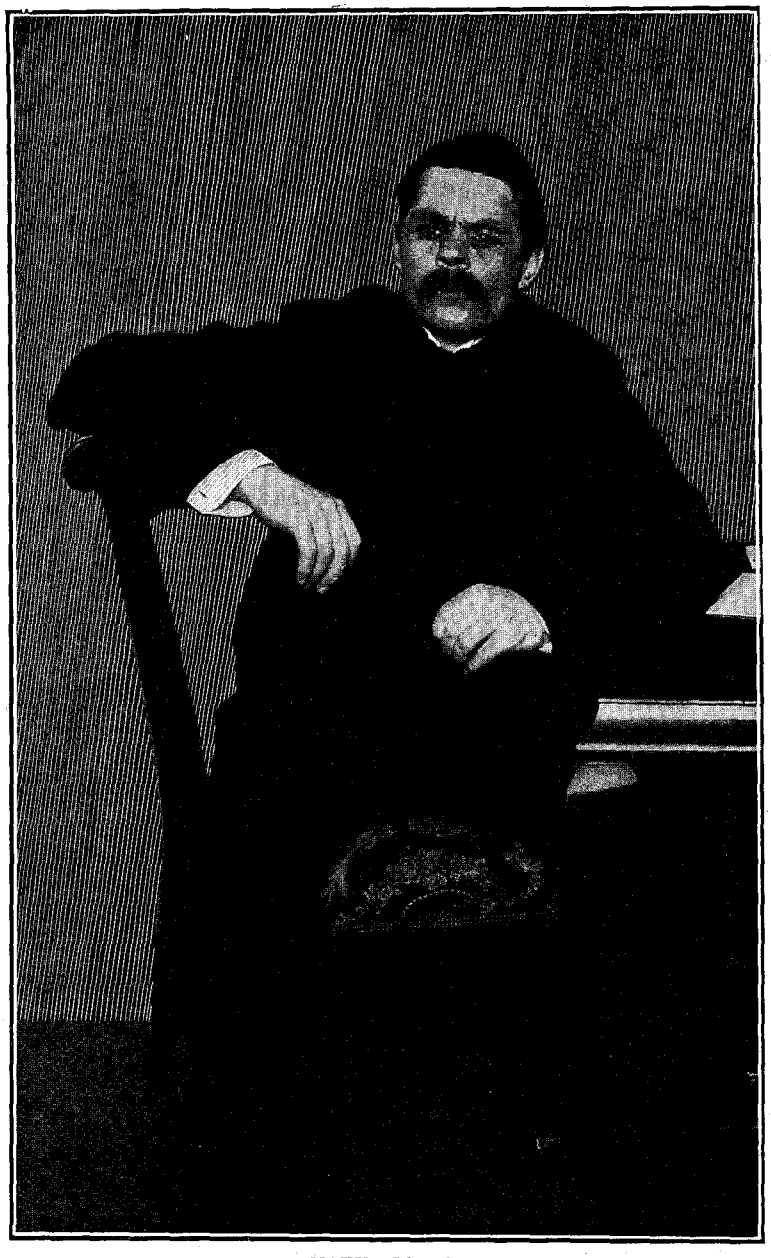

MAXIM GORKY

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him—doubtless through mistake. The censor investigated the matter, and soon the changeling books were carted back to the publisher.

Some book dealers sell much of this forbidden matter in open defiance of the regulations, trusting that in the chaotic state of affairs they will be overlooked. Some are very canny. In one St. Petersburg shop I asked for several forbidden publications, and was informed with great courtesy that they did not have them. "They had them—but they were afraid of you," said a Russian friend after we had gone out. At another book-store, to whose head I had an introduction from Gorky, the situation was just the opposite. Whatever forbidden print I asked for was shown me instantly, though with extreme caution, for any one of the students and professional-looking men who crowded the store might be a spy. At length I asked for a little pamphlet telling the story of Zinaida Konoplannikova, the girl terrorist who a year ago killed General Minn—a most dangerous book to have about. The dealer fumbled under the counter, let me in behind the counter, beside him, and handed me a large volume of Government statistics. "Face the crowd; it's in that," he whispered. I faced about and opened the book, with its back toward the other customers. There, within its pages, in a red cover, was the story of the ex-schoolmistress who had boldly and gladly exchanged her life for the life of one hated as a brutal tyrant. Behind the protection of the Government report, I slipped the pamphlet inside my coat. Then I handed back the big volume—and the publisher looked relieved.

Finally I asked for a book that the dealer told me was out of print, owing to the censor's ban; whereupon there transpired an incident that illustrates both the general eagerness in Russia that the truth should be spread, and the incomparable Russian courtesy. A middle-aged gentleman who had overheard both my request and the publisher's answer stepped to my side and handed me his card. "Pardon me, that is a book you must certainly have," he said, warmly; "allow me the honor of giving you my copy." His card informed me that he was a physician—a well-known physician, I afterwards learned. He invited me to drive home with him at once; but I told him that I was leaving for Moscow in two hours, and would have to refuse the book for lack of time to call. "But I live near the station," he pursued. "You can come in on your way." This I did, and he not only gave me the book, but accompanied me to the station, saw to my baggage, and saw me settled in my place in the train.

The bookseller, let it be remarked here, is not the sole medium of distributing this literature to the people. Government officials who are secretly with the revolution send illegal literature, which would otherwise be in danger of being examined and seized in transit, under their official seals, and it arrives intact and unsuspected at its destination. Party propagandists distribute free pamphlets among workmen and peasants; and pack peddlers wander from village to village with their burden of penny books. These peddlers are frequently arrested, but for each that disappears into a prison a new one starts forth with a pack.

The police and gendarmerie who have in charge the direct enforcing of these regulations are commonly of the deepest ignorance (the quality of men in these places will be suggested by the salaries of Russian policemen, which range from twenty-five to forty cents a day), and for this ignorance the publisher and dealer have often to suffer. Mr. Pyatnitzky, one of the best-known publishers of Russia, told me an experience of his which illustrates how completely the publisher and seller, and every private citizen, for that matter, is at the mercy of the very lowest and stupidest official. In February of 1906, when Gorky had to flee Russia, Mr. Pyatnitzky accompanied him across the Finnish border. Mr. Pyatnitzky carried with him, to examine during his absence, several radical books, all of which had been allowed by the censor, and a number of important manuscripts which had been submitted to him for publication. On his way back these books and manuscripts were examined at the border by a customs official of the usual ignorant type. This official

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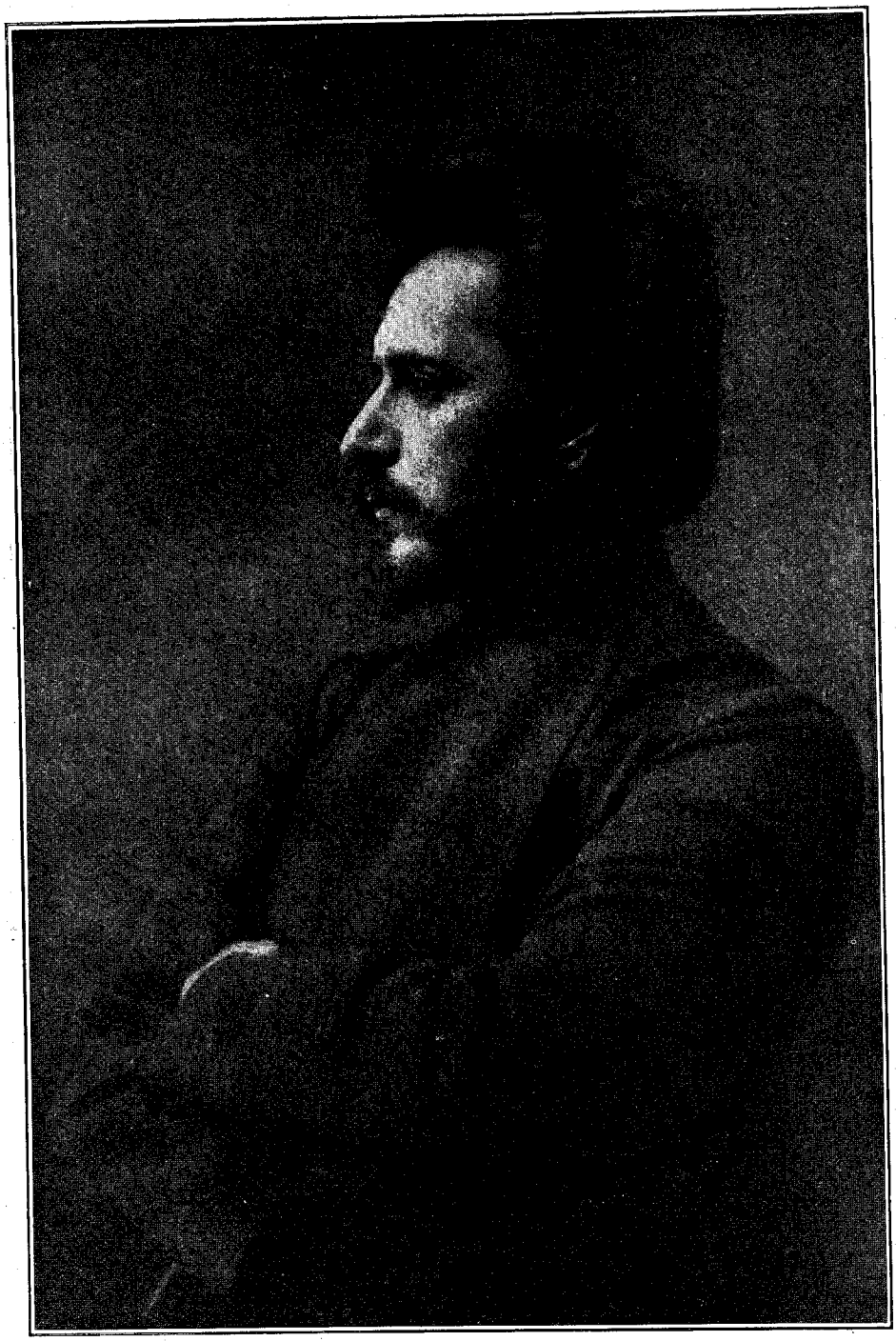

L. ANDREYEV

The new lion in Russian literature, whose popularity as a fiction writer now rivals that of Maxim Gorky

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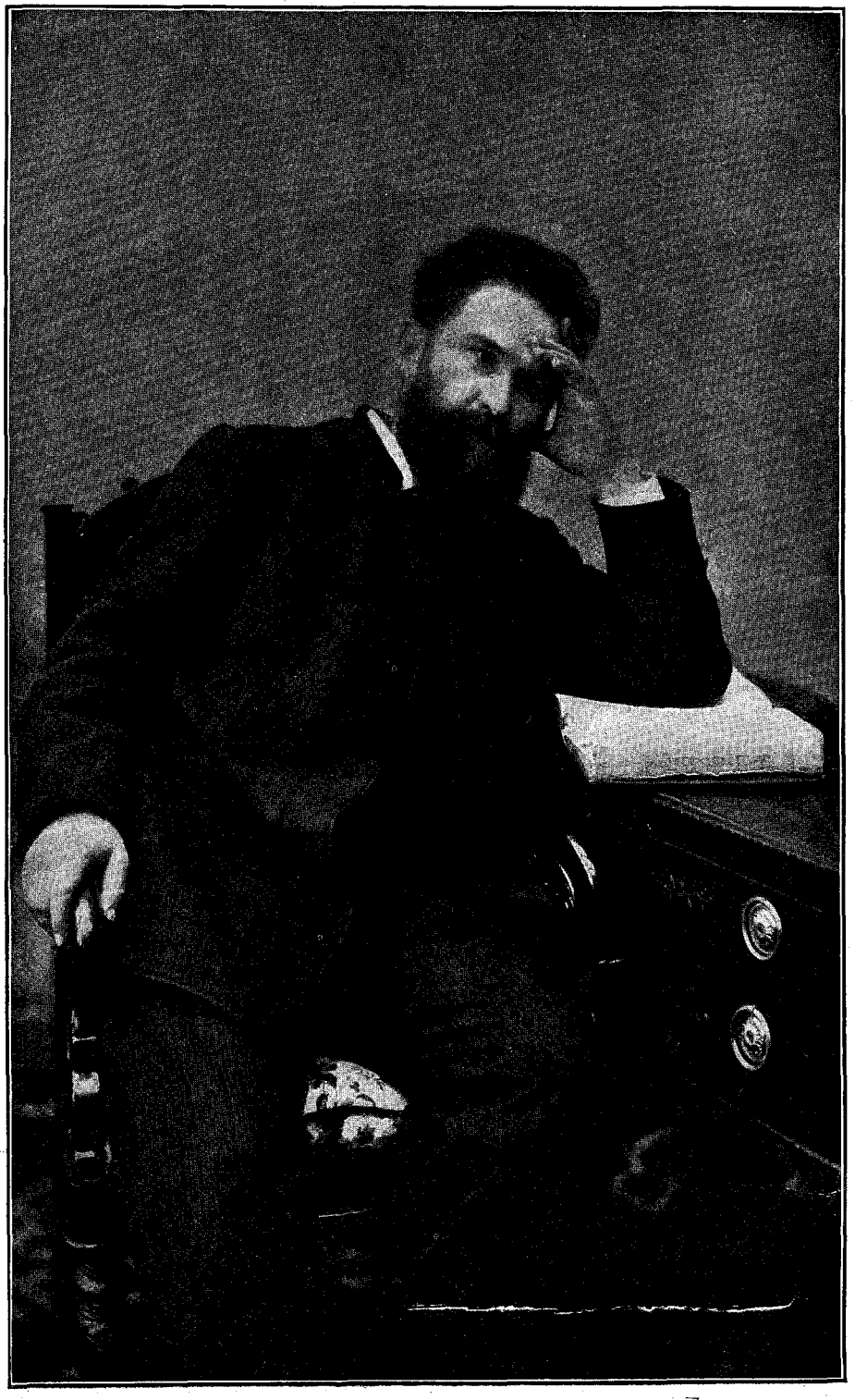

VLADIMIR KOROLENKO

A novelist who has been repeatedly exiled for the expression of his political views

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spelled out on the backs of two of the books "Bebel," "Marx;" he had perhaps vaguely heard these names, and considered anything on which they appeared as more dangerous than dynamite.

"All these books are seized," said the official.

Mr. Pyatnitzky was astounded. "But why?" he cried. "You have no right to stop such things! Your duty is only with goods."

"You have nothing to do with my duty," returned the official.

"But see, there is the censor's stamp! 'Allowed by the censor.'"

The official winked knowingly. "Ah, you are clever fellows, you printing men. Who knows but that you've just put that there to fool us?"

"Well, if the Government only had men here with sense," Mr. Pyatnitzky said, in exasperation, "they'd know we couldn't do such a thing."

"I have nothing to do with that," the official returned stolidly, with a shrug. "These are seized."

He took up one of the manuscripts, and, with a forefinger following the words, began painfully to read. At length he met the phrase, "Near the village is a factory." He stopped and looked up.

"These also are confiscated," he said.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Pyatnitzky. "And why?"

"It says there's a factory. Now in factories are workingmen, and workingmen have made much of the trouble. Since there's a factory written here, these must be revolutionary."

Accustomed as he was to official stupidity, Mr. Pyatnitzky was appalled at the man's logic. He expostulated, but though the officer was in the wrong and not he, he was utterly powerless. All he could get out of the man was an iterated—"They'll be sent to the censor at St. Petersburg. Call there."

Mr. Pyatnitzky called—again and again. And again and again he was put off. The authors frantically descended upon him; their manuscripts had a timely value, and that value was slipping away. He contiued calling, but it was not till after six months, when the timeliness of the manuscripts was practically gone, that the manuscripts and books were restored.

Even more helpless is the obscure reader when he comes against this official ignorance. A peasant lad living near a town attracted the attention of several gymnasium students by his remarkable ability, and these students began to teach him, giving him a number of text-books. The police noticed the intimacy that had sprung up between this peasant boy and the students, suspected some revolutionary activity, and one night descended on the boy's home and searched it. They found but one incriminating thing—a book in a strange language. The strange language proved to them that the book was dangerous indeed—else why should not the words have been Russian, so that they could have been read? In triumph they threw the boy, protesting his innocence, into the foul country prison and carried the book to the chief of police. But the chief of police could no more read the book than his underlings, and a few weeks later, at his official leisure, he forwarded it to the police of the district seat. The chief of police here was no more learned, and after a similar delay he sent it to the chief of police of the capital of the province. There it rested undisturbed till the chief was in a mood to act upon it. Months afterwards—all this while the boy had been lying in prison—an authoritative letter came to the town stating that the boy could be freed, inasmuch as the book was only a copy of Cæsar.

When officials of this type descend upon a book-shop, seal it, and begin an examination of its contents, it is readily seen that a perfectly innocent book may be the cause of the proprietor's misfortune. Many a man has had his shop closed for having in it a book approved by the censor. And even when the mistake is discovered, often the police do not remedy it. Right or wrong, the police must maintain before the people the appearance of always being right. So the books are carted off, and the proprietor is perhaps further punished.

But the books thus seized are not always destroyed; these books are worth money; the police need money. Always the police need money, for a St. Petersburg

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police officer with a salary of eight hundred dollars may live at the rate of five thousand a year. Windfalls like these books make up the deficit. So through an agent the books are quietly sold to other dealers.

Occasionally a dealer outwits the police even after his shop has been closed. In one case the police, after entering a shop, arresting all therein and sealing it, decided, since night had fallen, to postpone the search till morning. The proprietor had chanced to be out at the time of the raid, so escaped arrest. During the night he entered the shop through a trap in the floor which the police had overlooked, and, with the assistance of several men, managed to remove all the dangerous books before daybreak. When the police made the examination, nothing of a damaging character was found, and the dealer was allowed at once to reopen the shop, and the prisoners taken in it were set free.

A customer found in a raided shop becomes thereby a suspicious character, and is usually held in prison while his case is being investigated. A young woman—the sister of a friend of mine—who was about to leave St. Petersburg for a visit to France went into a bookstore for the mere purpose of telling a friend good-by. While in the shop it was suddenly raided by the police, and everybody was placed under arrest. This young woman's past was scrutinized by the police, her acquaintances watched, and it was not till months later, when the police had failed to find a thing against her, that she was discharged.

Against such difficulties and dangers as these do writer, printer, and publisher strive to get truth and ideas before the people. The record for periodical publications alone during 1906 was 563 newspapers and magazines suspended without trial, and 732 editors punished for their political writings by fine, imprisonment, or Siberian exile. At present almost all the best-known writers and journalists who are opposed to the Government are in Siberia, in prison, or in western Europe, whither they fled for safety. Of Russia's most famous living literary figures, Tolstoy has lived in security only because his unique position in Russia and his international reputation have made the Government fear the result of an attempt to punish him; Gorky, after a term in prison, had to flee to escape further punishment, and will probably remain an exile till autocracy yields or till he dies; Andreyev, the new star in Russian literature, whose popularity now rivals that of Gorky, has had to fly from Russia; and Korolenko, as early as 1890, had already suffered exile four different times. One well-known novelist and poet, who writes under the name of Tahn, and who had been arrested for his political utterances and was then out on bail, I found working hard upon a new brochure that was to be harsher in its strictures than the one for which he was awaiting trial. Men such as these—and whether artists or whether scribblers the spirit is the same—are not to be frightened into silence by rules and the fear of prison and exile.

And is this flood of books, spread with so much difficulty and danger, having an adequate effect? It must be remembered that eighty-five per cent of the people are illiterate, having been purposely so kept by the Government; and that from the educated the Government has striven to withhold all vital truth. And it must be remembered that only by the rousing of the whole people to the awfulness of their condition, to the great need of change, can change be brought about.

On all its errands of informing, of rousing, the book has gone, secretly, daringly—through bookseller, party missionary, lowly pack peddler—at cost of effort, pain, imprisonment, even death; gone to millions on millions who had heard the truth but vaguely, without stir of hope, if they heard it at all. As yet only partially has the book performed its mission, but its part has been a tremendous part; so vast a part as to justify the printed word being called the greatest revolutionist.

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POLICING THE WILDERNESS

BY W. G. FITZ-GERALD

TAKE the public services of both Americas by and large, from Hudson Bay to Patagonia, and I doubt whether you will match the record of the famous Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. How a handful of three hundred law officers, adventurous, fearless, and luminously honest, keep entire order in an Arctic wilderness five times as large as Great Britain—here, surely, is a story worth telling.

And it makes reading quite as good as its promise. For here is a "precinct" covering 197,000 square miles of silent waste, icy yet golden, peopled mainly by Indians and Eskimos, with a few thousand whites, who are apt to think that no law goes so near as this to the North Pole. But the wildest of them knows different now. "Get the man"—the classic motto of the Northwest Mounted Police, is known and felt from the ocean to the innermost recesses of the wilderness.

A thousand miles on the ice, "mushing" by dog team and komatik, through unexplored haunts of bear and wolf, is a common marching order for these splendid pioneers. It does one good to read the record of their work. And much digging is required to get at the facts, for the "N. W. M. P." have a good, healthy scorn of boast and advertisement.

You will meet them first as you enter Canadian territory by the famous White Pass, where Old Glory floats side by side with the clustered crosses of the Dominion. Soon the four snorting engines come to a standstill, and a quiet, gentlemanly officer enters the car to examine baggage. You will find thereafter that you can no more escape your own shadow than one of these "Guardians of the North" wherever you go in this seemingly limitless Yukon Territory.

At Tagish, on the lonely Six Mile, you come upon a cluster of tumble-down log shanties. Push on further down the mighty Yukon and every twenty miles or so you can see the Union Jack floating from a log hut that shelters a police detachment. There was a time, and that not long ago, when these now desolate stations throbbed with life and energy, and the golden Yukon was a great highway of traffic. Then, as now, these officers were true Samaritans in the wilderness. Their willing hands uplifted wayfarers fainting on the road. The numbed and the sick and the dying were cared for; and at the same time strong, active feet were held in leash to track a miscreant to swift justice. It will never be known how many lives were saved, how many of the lawless held in check, by the officers in those feverish times.

To-day the Northwest Mounted Police have two great centers, one at Dawson, the other at Whitehorse. And, wonderful to say, just as telephone or telegraph operator feels the beat of a crowded city's pulse miles away, so does the commanding officer at these headquarters know everything that goes on even in the remotest region of his stupendous precinct.

For over a thousand miles the unobtrusive telegraph line runs beside the

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mighty flood, and patrol systems on the various creeks and trails assist in preserving order. It is a fact that on the great road between Dawson and Whitehorse, more than three hundred and twenty miles, the traveler to-day is positively safer than if he were driving along a country road in eastern Canada or any settled part of Alaska.

No man starts down the great Yukon in a small boat without numbering and registering his craft, as well as his own name and business. There are justice and redress for every one, no matter how remote his location. Let a humble miner's *cache* be stolen, and forthwith a diligent search that may cover five hundred miles will be made for it, and after that summary vengeance will surely fall upon the thief. As I shall show, no expense is spared; and sometimes hundreds or even thousands of dollars will be spent in a case—only to find that the thieves were bears, after all!

Let serious accident befall a man in some lonely camp, and no city hospital could be more urgent and self-sacrificing in hurrying relief than these Mounted Police. Many a stirring tale might be told of how the sick and wounded, whites and Indians alike, have been brought into hospital over painful and dangerous trails, through icy mountain passes and menacing torrents.

Quite recently news came to headquarters at Whitehorse that a Russian Jew woodchopper living in a very lonely section had accidentally been killed. At five minutes' notice one of the surgeons and a constable were dropping down the river in a little canoe. They covered one hundred and seventy miles of dangerous water, made a conscientious investigation of the entire case, and buried the dead man. That the trip was made at a season when the great river was liable to freeze at any time and leave the men stranded was a detail not to be considered.

Duty comes first with this magnificent force, and that without any pose or pretense. But before I pass to the marvels of their purely police duties, let me say something of their miscellaneous work. For this is various indeed. They are expected to enforce the export tax of two and one half per cent on gold dust. As the train starts from Whitehorse to Skagway, courteous, keen-eyed officers board the car and are not to be denied, no matter how ingenious the smuggler. And the same system is carried out on boats leaving Dawson for the Lower Yukon. Last season the value of the gold dust on which this export tax was paid amounted to $9,932,474.

The carrying of the mails, too, to many of the remote mining creeks falls to the lot of the police; and were it not for this service, thousands of white men scattered over this vast and forbidding country in mining and logging camps would be

THE RIDING-MASTER OF THE ROYAL NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE TRAINING ONE OF THE TROOPER'S HORSES

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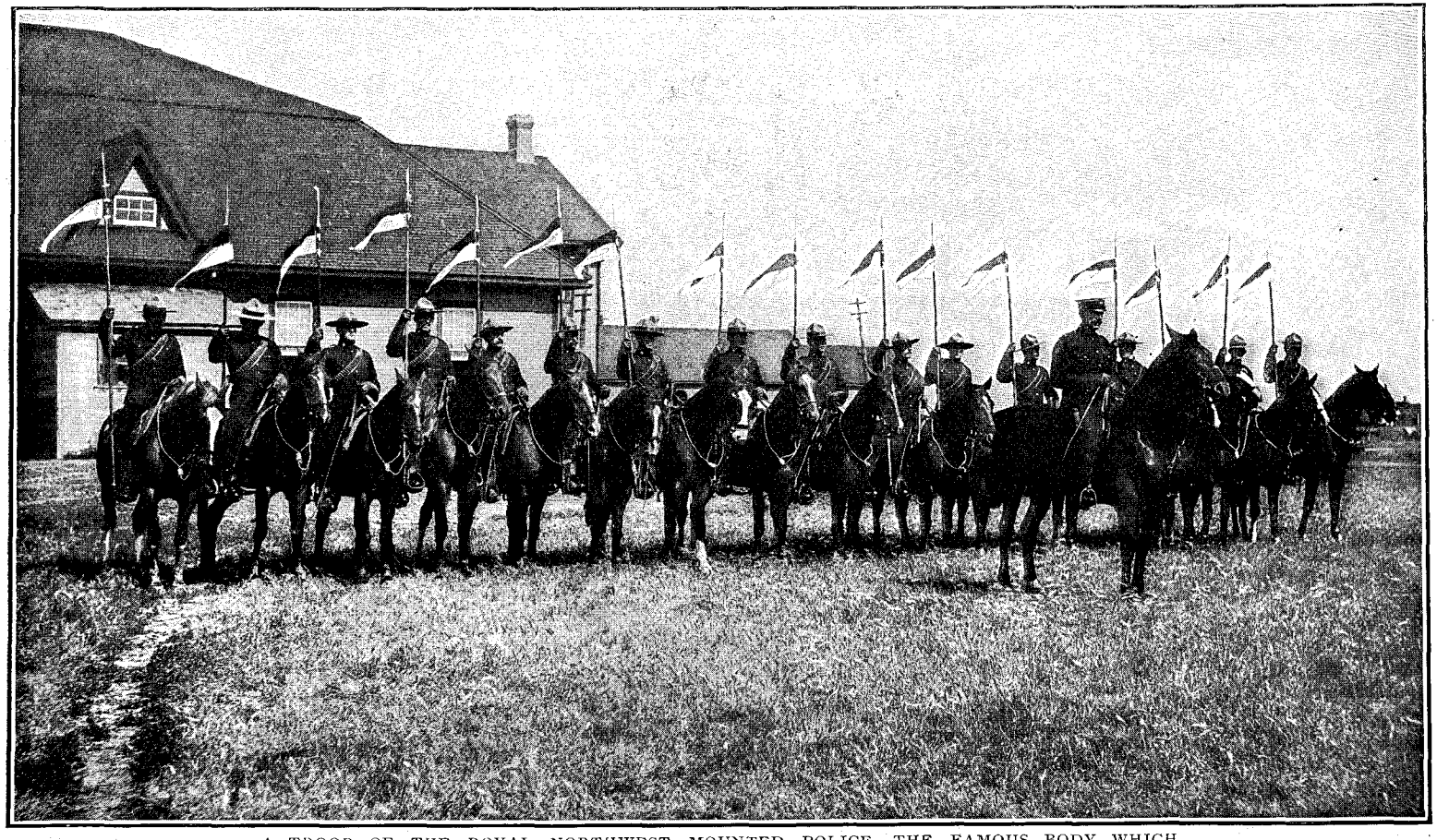

A TROOP OF THE ROYAL NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE—THE FAMOUS BODY WHICH PRESERVES LAW AND ORDER IN A WILDERNESS FIVE TIMES AS LARGE AS GREAT BRITAIN

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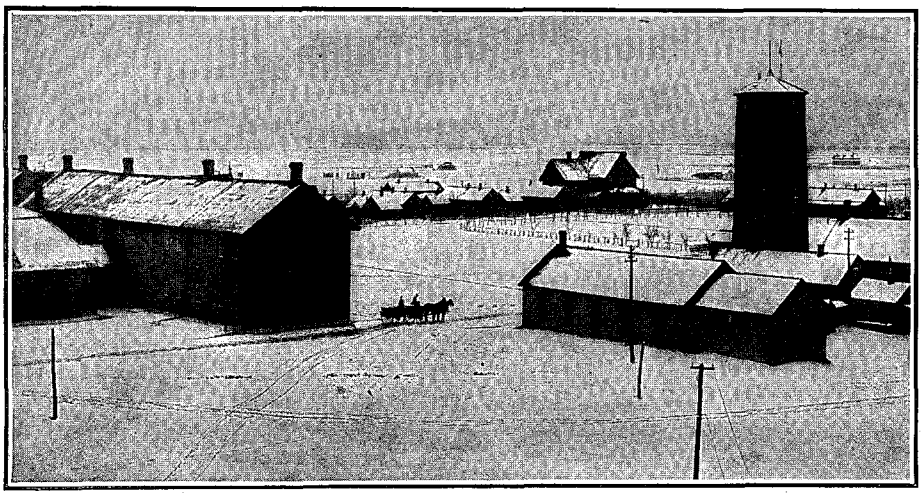
altogether shut off from the outside world for the greater part of the year.

This brings me to the interesting correspondence received by the police at both headquarters. Every year hundreds, if not thousands, of letters come from many parts of the world inquiring for missing relatives and friends, vaguely "believed to have gone to the Klondike." The Superintendent at Dawson reports that out of two hundred and fifty-four inquiries made for missing persons his staff supplied valuable detailed information in one hundred and three cases. Thus it would really seem as if this handful of men were more in touch with events in this vast wilderness than the police of an ordinary city.

The Indians are also looked after, and clothes and rations issued to them by the Northwest Mounted Police, who appear to be ubiquitous. It is little wonder that the needy and suffering, the sick at heart and the failures, as well as the lawless, should know these picturesque fellows. Their summer uniform is a cowboy hat, bright red shirt, and blue trousers, with broad yellow stripes running down and disappearing into high-laced boots.

How the men in the remotest posts contrive to divert themselves in such a wilderness is a marvel. Books and magazines, however, are regularly circulated in all districts; and the officers are all expert in tobogganing, skating, and curling. There are two penitentiaries, one at Dawson and the other at Whitehorse; and last year something like a dozen convict and a hundred common jail prisoners were sentenced to terms of imprisonment in these places. It will be seen at once that these proportions are absurdly small, considering not only the vast size of the Territory, but also its population.

The commissioned officers of the force act as judges, making monthly tours to hold courts at remote stations. Just think of a justice of the peace having to "mush" with a dog team sixty miles a day with the thermometer 70° below zero! The Government insists, however, that no man shall "mush" alone in the depth of winter; neglect of this precaution has caused many a good man to leave his bones in the wilderness.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE ROYAL NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE AT REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN

And that police judge will hold informal court at some desolate spot, perhaps three hundred miles from his starting-point. In case of murder or sudden death he will hold an inquest, or an inquiry into some serious accident. He and his colleagues, too, collect revenue from the lumber camps, act as sanitary officers, take the census, suppress smuggling, assist the telegraph repairers, and accompany the doctors during any epidemic among Indians or Eskimos. All these things and much

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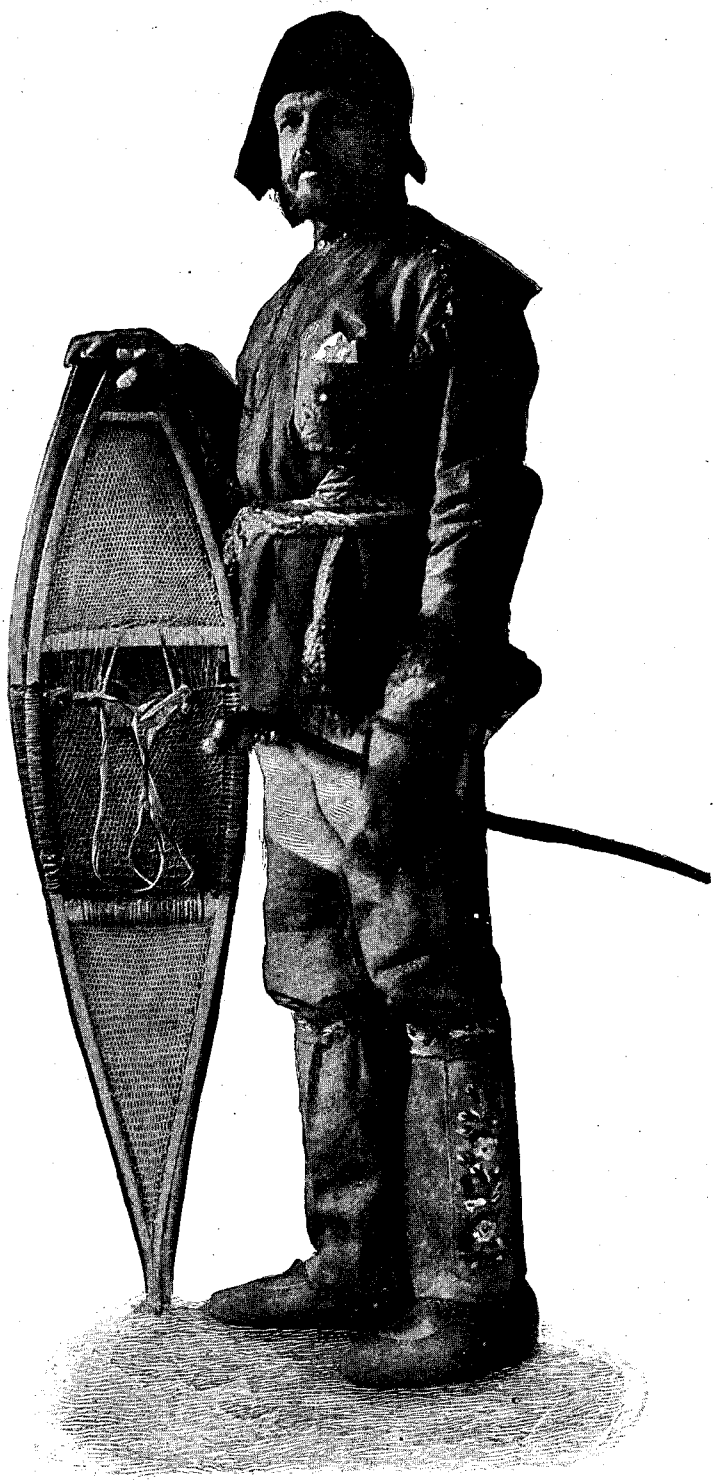

AN OFFICER IN WINTER DRESS

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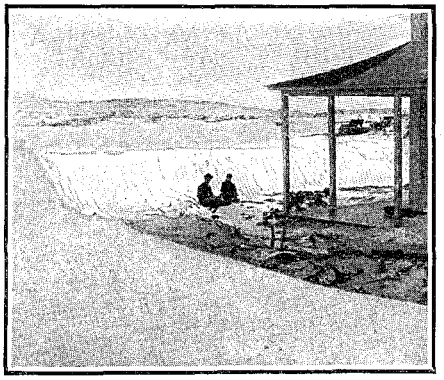
more the Northwest Mounted Police do, and do well, without advertisement or any other inducement save that of bare sense of duty. And their thoroughness is such that their very name inspires respect in a wilderness of two thousand miles.



A REMOTE OUTPOST IN THE ARCTIC NORTH

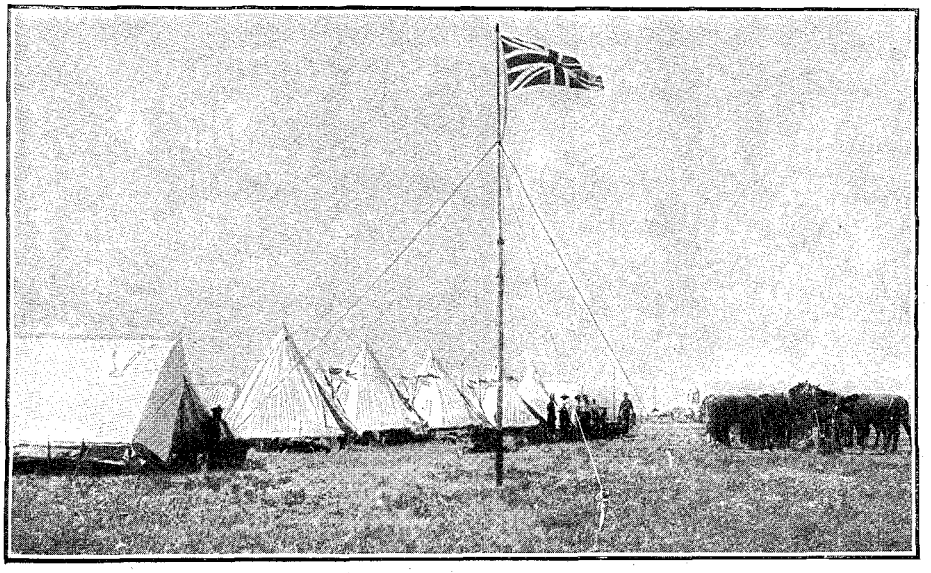
It is little more than ten years since Inspector Constantine and Sergeant Brown were sent from Regina to investigate the smuggling and gold-snatching on the creeks of Forty Mile River. Here they built a fort and were swallowed up. No news of them reached the "outside," as the larger world is called on the Yukon. Certainly the Arctic winter is a pretty effective barrier. Then came the first discovery of gold in Bonanza Creek, and the wild rush to the Klondike, that called imperatively for police reinforcements.

And so gradually these officers drove a line of posts through that vast region, and arranged patrols—widely scattered, it is true; separated by wild expanses of wind-swept snow and mighty ice-choked rivers. But there was always the patient dog team for these immense journeys, and in summer the canoe, or perhaps a horse, almost as knowing as his rider.

And where in all Arctic America will you find "mushers," paddlers, or rough riders like the Northwest Mounted Police? Men of many parts, who may to-day be officially registering a marriage or a death out in the lonely wastes, and to-morrow starting to hunt down a murderer, warn rebellious Indians, or visit a sick miner fallen by the way five hundred miles from anywhere.

Two men, horses and guns; two men, dog team and guns; two men, canoe and guns. Such are the units of this unique police force. To them distance is literally no object. To secure one witness in the strange O'Brien murder trial, Sergeant Frank Smith and Trooper Seeley traveled four hundred miles by dog team and thirteen hundred by canoe! Altogether that case cost these pioneers $225,000.

The great point aimed at is to instill into the lawless the fact that life and



A CAMP OF THE MOUNTED POLICE AT MOOSE JAW, SASKATCHEWAN

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property shall be respected in this far-stretching wilderness just as in any great city on the American continent; and, moreover, that the offender shall be secured and brought to justice at any cost whatever.

But Sergeant Smith's quest deserves more than mere passing mention. Two desperate bandits, O'Brien and Graves, lay in wait for and slew in cold blood a couple of miners, Fred Clayson and L. Relfe; these had made their pile and were bound for the distant "outside." With them was Lineman Oleson, of the Telegraph Service, and he too was slaughtered in the silent waste, where the bandits never dreamed of a Nemesis.

Yet O'Brien was caught and hanged. He had evidently murdered his accomplice Graves, and cast his body under the eternal ice of the Yukon, that he might not claim his share of the bloody gold.

Now a witness whose testimony was vital in the case had to be sought somewhere throughout the length and breadth of the Territory. And off went Smith and Seeley from Forty Mile one April day. The trail lay along river ice, which at that time of the year was soft and cut up.

They reached Circle City, and from here Smith went on alone. Some twenty-five miles beyond his dogs fell through one of the open places in the trail; and in the smash-up the lonely man was thrown from the sled and his right leg severely injured. The limb swelled to twice its normal size, yet Smith, mindful of the motto of the force, "mushed" on to Fort Yukon, where an amateur doctor found his leg black and blue from knee to toe.

Nothing could stop the man, however. On he went for fifty miles to the mouth of the Chandelar Creek, over a melting trail in warm weather, with the dogs breaking through the ice from time to time. Returning to Fort Yukon, Smith waited for the giant floes to break up, and soon he was joined once more by Seeley.

The two men started down the giant stream in a twenty-foot canoe, carrying a tent, a little stove, a mast with a leg-of-mutton sail, and a slender outfit of provisions. All the way down they were pioneered by gigantic masses of floating ice. Sailing when there was a fair wind, watching the grinding drifts day and night, pulling with the current when the wind was against them, the two men pushed doggedly on.

Remember, they soon entered a part of the Yukon where the vast river is ten miles wide. Strong head-winds, with heavy seas and roaring ice-masses, made their position a terror by day and night. Yet they never abandoned their frail craft. It was past June ere they reached the river's mouth and started for St. Michael's, another ninety miles off.

The bay was full of towering floes, so that the canoe had frequently to be dragged with harness. Often the two officers would go down through a soft spot, up to the neck in icy water. For

THE MOUNTED POLICE TRAINING THEIR HORSES TO LIE DOWN FOR SKIRMISH PRACTICE ON THE PRAIRIE

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many days they had nothing to drink but tea made from the brackish water of Bering Sea; and constant watch had to be kept lest an off-shore breeze haul them out into the ocean.

On reaching St. Michael's they had accomplished a journey of seventeen hundred miles! And every human habitation along that route had been visited, for they were trailing their man all the way. At St. Michael's it was found that the fugitive had gone to Nome and taken steamer thence for Seattle. Thither followed the indefatigable Smith in search of his witness—only to find there telegrams telling that the murderer O'Brien had, after all, been convicted without the long-sought testimony.

This is but a sample of these men's work. Another was the trip to Fort McPherson and back—a thousand miles of awful country in midwinter. It was necessary to maintain communication with that desolate spot, Herschel Island, where the police keep a station in latitude 70° north, to prevent whalers from selling liquor to the Indians.

Three of the crack "mushers" of the force, Constables Mapley, Dever, and Rowley, were selected for this journey, and they started out on Christmas Day with a couple of Indian scouts, each of whom took a team of five dogs, as also did each of the officers. You may be sure those dogs were carefully chosen, powerful and sagacious "huskies" of Porcupine Creek. Each dog weighed from ninety-six to one hundred and fifteen pounds.

There was not so much as a track, so each man wore snow-shoes, while the dog teams were hitched to toboggans instead of sleds. It was a run across the top of the world. "Chute, chute, chute, then up a mile of mountain standing on end!" That is how one of the men described it.

In glissading down icy precipices the dogs would be unharnessed, the best route down picked out by experienced eyes, and then the toboggans, with their precious loads of food, committed to the tremendous slope. The way lay across an unexplored wilderness, yet the most serious accident was that one of the best dogs broke its leg and had to be shot.

The men were thirty-eight days in making the Fort, and only twenty-five in coming back to Dawson, for they found a remarkably short cut at Seela Pass.

One might think that with lawless men here and there in so tremendous a wilderness it would be next to impossible to detect and punish crime. Yet the records of the Yukon show just the contrary. Take the notorious triple murder of June, 1902, committed by the French Canadians, Victor Fournier and Édouard La Belle. The former was a well-known desperado; La Belle had been a decent citizen until he met Fournier. Both had gambled away such gold as they had won, and now planned to go up the Yukon to Whitehorse and there lie in wait for rich passengers whom they might murder on the way down-river to Dawson.

Their victims were three of their own countrymen, who readily agreed to the price for the down-river trip. While in camp near the mouth of the Stewart River, however, La Belle deliberately killed two of the unfortunates with his rifle, and Fournier shot the third. Not until two years later did the river give up the bodies of the victims. The police set to work with characteristic vigor; for, as I have shown, they keep track of all travelers along the Yukon.

Fournier was located in Dawson, but La Belle was apparently lost on the "outside." Then began a man-hunt such as the police of the wilderness love best. La Belle had time to get thousands of miles away, yet Detective W. H. Welsh, of the Secret Service of the force, took charge of the case, and said simply he would "get the man."

From Dawson he went to Seattle, armed with the necessary extradition papers, making inquiries all along the way. How two Édouard La Belles turned up to confuse the detective is a pretty long story. Welsh, however, was joined by P. A. Rook, of Whitehorse, who had known the real La Belle; and the two now began an amazingly thorough search in every logging-camp tributary to Puget Sound. La Belle, it should be explained, had worked on the Yukon as a wood-chopper.

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The man was trailed unerringly from Seattle to Butte, Montana. The trail led them next to Spokane, Washington, and thence to Rossland, British Columbia; back again thence southward among the construction gangs working on the Southern Pacific Railroad. We next find Welsh and Rook at Ogden, Utah, and on the Nevada-California line. At each camp visited Rook played the rôle of timekeeper, newly employed in that section. In this capacity he took the names of all the men; and one memorable day he came out of a tent some three miles from Wadsworth, Nevada, and gave Detective Welsh the long-sought signal that his man was within. Sure enough, there was the murderer, sitting on the side of his bunk, having just turned out to work on the night shift.

Welsh walked up, held out his hand as if to shake, and as La Belle reached out, the handcuffs were snapped upon his wrist. Both he and Fournier confessed, but were hanged all the same. The long and patient quest cost at least $25,000. But then the Northwest Mounted Police "got the man," and it is the realization of that motto, with the Samaritan rôle already detailed, that has made their name respected throughout the wilderness.

NEW LIFE

BY EDITH LIVINGSTON SMITH

A fire swept the forest growth away—
  All the green thicket deeds of tender Earth;
  And every sapling Hope had given birth
Burned red, then white, and crumbled to decay;
While blackened trees stood stark in mute dismay.

So like our lives, consumed by some distress,
  When trusting hearts, blithe in the spring of youth,
  Are blasted by the flames of Sorrow's truth
And withered in Pain's fire of faithlessness—
Until where Beauty bloomed no man can guess.

Yet, lo! a miracle when time is told:—
  As trees and flowers shall bless that sod again
  And lift their fervent lips to summer's rain,
So may our hearts arise from ashes cold,
To give new growth to God a thousandfold.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY

MRS. EDITH WHARTON

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"COPY"

A DIALOGUE

BY EDITH WHARTON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

IN "The Octopus" Mr. Norris, whose early death extinguished a great hope, made a broad and vigorous study of commercialism in action in the Far West; in "The House of Mirth" and "The Fruit of the Tree" Mrs. Wharton has made a penetrating analysis of the fruit of commercialism in the older East. In method and style the two writers could hardly be further apart; but they deal with the same stuff of life in different stages. The men in "The House of Mirth" and "The Fruit of the Tree" wear better clothes and have better manners than the men in "The Octopus," but civilization has barely touched the surface of their natures; at heart they are untamed barbarians. Their essential vulgarity is hidden, but not concealed, by a superficial urbanity, an ease gained by social activity but not by social education. Mr. Norris touched the wholesome tissue of character only incidentally; he had another aim before him. In "The House of Mirth" and in her latest long story Mrs. Wharton has made a minute study of a little cross-section of society; those who hold her responsible for a narrow view and a gross exaggeration do not understand her purpose. These stories are vitally related to the special ethical movement of the day, to the moral disgust that lies deep in the hearts of right-minded men and women. The demoralizing love of things detached from their ethical relations, the hardening and deadening effect of luxury divorced from idealism, the inevitable evolution of excessive commercialism among people who create the background but are powerless to reproduce the dignity, refinement, charm, and interest of a genuine social life, have found through her firm and unsparing scrutiny a record which has all the moral vigor of satire without its obvious intention.

It is not New York society which Mrs. Wharton has laid bare; but a stage of commercialism common to all rich communities in which wealth has outrun art, culture, the steadying influence of fine traditions of social civilization. There is another and a better society in every city; but Mrs. Wharton has made it her business to follow uneducated prosperity to its self-revelation in luxury, idleness, heartlessness, immorality. She has done with delicate tools, with the subtle methods of the artist, what a dozen able and high-minded men have been doing in business and public affairs. They are striking at the roots of a form of corruption which always goes with great and sudden prosperity; she has so portrayed its fruits that the acid which is distilled in them bites like an etcher's tool into the very substance of life. "There was a man once, a satirist," runs one of Maarten Maartens's parables. "In the natural course of time his friends slew him, and he died. And the people came and stood about his corpse. 'He treated the whole round world as his football,' they said indignantly, 'and he kicked it.' The dead man opened one eye. 'But always toward the Goal,' he said."

[1] From "Crucial Instances." Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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It may be that Mrs. Wharton's eye is not single in the delicate and critical surgery which she practices; it may be that she concerns herself so constantly with diseased social tissues that she loses at times a sense of the abounding health in the world, and that she is in peril of a certain distortion of vision. These charges have been laid at her door, and there has been some ground for them; but the motives of an artist of Mrs. Wharton's conscience, courage, and ability are not to be lightly questioned nor confidently defined; it is much too early in the career of a writer whose work shows notable growth in insight and sympathy.

It would be a distinct injustice to Mrs. Wharton, however, to lay too much emphasis on her interest in the social outcome of some present conditions. In her shorter stories especially she has disclosed a wide range of observation and immense cleverness as a craftsman. If certain broad resemblances can be traced between her deeper spirit when a certain moral indignation directs without coloring her work, and Mr. Norris's resolute endeavor to interpret in human relations great commercial forces, when it comes to point of view and methods of work the two are worlds apart. He dealt with elemental energies playing freely in a rudimentary society; she deals with the problems of extreme moral and social sophistication. As a recorder of conflicting moods, complicated motives, impulses that are thwarted by conditions, the constant arrest of free action by conventions, the struggle of soul with body in the network of social relations, Mrs. Wharton has shown artistic insight and ability of a very high order. She is at home in a region in which most novelists penetrate at their peril; a region regulated by minute observances which she understands, protected by watchwords which she knows, in which a dialect is spoken of which she is past-master. Of these subtle distinctions she makes her readers aware in the isolation in which John Amherst and Justine Brent find themselves in a country house in a fashionable colony on Long Island; and in "Copy," which takes its place in this issue of The Outlook as one of twelve typical American stories, she makes us aware of this esoteric element from another point of view. In this dialogue as much depends on suggestion as on definite statement, and the clever talk between the man and the woman is a subtle play of speech over depths of experience railed off, so to speak, by rigidly observed conventions. The story does not give the best of Mrs. Wharton, but it is a "crucial instance," to recall the title of the volume from which it is taken, of her dexterity, adroitness, and wit. How deftly she handles her tools, with what precision she makes her strokes, how clear the impression becomes without visible intention or abrupt transitions! In these matters she is in a class by herself.

It is when one tries to appraise her work as a whole that qualifications begin to obtrude themselves. In "The Valley of Decision" there is a background of extraordinary richness of texture; but the drama moves against it like a carefully dressed and arranged pageant against a beautiful tapestry. The story never comes to life. It shows immense talent in the builder, but it never leaves the stocks for the open sea. In "The House of Mirth" the background is sketched or suggested with marvelous skill, and the career of Lily Bart is told with a restrained feeling which registered a notable gain of power; but one longs at times for a sudden descent of the spirit in the very heart of that complicated futility, a furious rush of elemental energy of will through the network of baffling conventions. But what is more illogical than holding a writer responsible for not doing the

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things she never intended to do? The impatient wish that her talent would choose a freer field may have something of prophecy in it; in her latest story strong, clean hands do rend the suffocating network of conventions, and a man escapes from the arid desert of a frivolous society into the world of free self-expression.

H. W. M.

MRS. AMBROSE DALE—*forty, slender, still young—sits in her drawing-room at the tea-table. The winter twilight is falling, a lamp has been lit, there is a fire on the hearth, and the room is pleasantly dim and flower-scented. Books are scattered everywhere—mostly with autograph inscriptions "From the Author"—and a large portrait of* Mrs. Dale, *at her desk, with papers strewn about her, takes up one of the wall-panels. Before* Mrs. Dale *stands* Hilda, *fair and twenty, her hands full of letters.*

MRS. DALE. Ten more applications for autographs. Isn't it strange that people who'd blush to borrow twenty dollars don't scruple to beg for an autograph?

Hilda (*reproachfully*). Oh—

Mrs. Dale. What's the difference, pray?

Hilda. Only that *your* last autograph sold for fifty—

Mrs. Dale (*not displeased*). Ah?—I sent for you, Hilda, because I'm dining out to-night, and if there's nothing important to attend to among these letters you needn't sit up for me.

Hilda. You don't mean to work?

Mrs. Dale. Perhaps; but I sha'n't need you. You'll see that my cigarettes and coffee-machine are in place, and that I don't have to crawl about the floor in search of my pen-wiper? That's all. Now about these letters—

Hilda (*impulsively*). Oh, Mrs. Dale—

Mrs. Dale. Well?

Hilda. I'd rather sit up for you.

Mrs. Dale. Child, I've nothing for you to do. I shall be blocking out the tenth chapter of *Winged Purposes*, and it won't be ready for you till next week.

Hilda. It isn't that—but it's so beautiful to sit here, watching and listening, all alone in the night, and to feel that you're in there (*she points to the study door*) *creating*—. (*Impulsively.*) What do I care for sleep?

Mrs. Dale (*indulgently*). Child—silly child!—Yes, I should have felt so at your age—it would have been an inspiration—

Hilda (*rapt*). It is!

Mrs. Dale. But you must go to bed; I must have you fresh in the morning; for you're still at the age when one *is* fresh in the morning! (*She sighs.*) The letters? (*Abruptly.*) Do you take notes of what you feel, Hilda—here, all alone in the night, as you say?

Hilda (*shyly*). I have—

Mrs. Dale (*smiling*). For the diary?

Hilda (*nods and blushes*).

Mrs. Dale (*caressingly*). Goose!—Well, to business. What is there!

Hilda. Nothing important, except a letter from Stroud & Fayerweather to say that the question of the royalty on *Pomegranate Seed* has been settled in your favor. The English publishers of *Immolation* write to consult you about a six-shilling edition; Olafson, the Copenhagen publisher, applies for permission to bring out a Danish translation of *The Idol's Feet;* and the editor of the *Semaphore* wants a new serial—I think that's all; except that *Woman's Sphere* and *The Droplight* ask for interviews—with photographs—

Mrs. Dale. The same old story! I'm so tired of it all. (*To herself, in an undertone.*) But how should I feel if it all stopped? (*The servant brings in a card.*)

Mrs. Dale (*reading it*). Is it possible? Paul Ventnor? (*To the servant.*) Show Mr. Ventnor up. (*To herself.*) Paul Ventnor!

Hilda (*breathless*). Oh, Mrs. Dale—*the* Mr. Ventnor?

Mrs. Dale (*smiling*). I fancy there's only one.

Hilda. The great, great poet? (*Irresolute.*) No, I don't dare—

Mrs. Dale (*with a tinge of impatience*). What?

Hilda (*fervently*). Ask you—if I might—oh, here in this corner, where he

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can't possibly notice me—stay just a moment? Just to see him come in? To see the meeting between you—the greatest novelist and the greatest poet of the age? Oh, it's too much to ask! It's an historic moment.

Mrs. Dale. Why, I suppose it is. I hadn't thought of it in that light. Well (*smiling*), for the diary—

Hilda. Oh, thank you, *thank you!* I'll be off the very instant I've heard him speak.

Mrs. Dale. The very instant, mind. (*She rises, looks at herself in the glass, smooths her hair, sits down again, and rattles the tea-caddy.*) Isn't the room very warm? (*She looks over at her portrait.*) I've grown stouter since that was painted. You'll make a fortune out of that diary, Hilda—

Hilda (*modestly*). Four publishers have applied to me already—

The Servant (*announces*). Mr. Paul Ventnor.

(*Tall, nearing fifty, with an incipient stoutness buttoned into a masterly frock coat, Ventnor drops his glass and advances vaguely, with a short-sighted stare.*)

Ventnor. Mrs. Dale?

Mrs. Dale. My dear friend! This is kind. (*She looks over her shoulder at Hilda, who vanishes through the door to the left.*) The papers announced your arrival, but I hardly hoped—

Ventnor (*whose short-sighted stare is seen to conceal a deeper embarrassment*). You hadn't forgotten me, then?

Mrs. Dale. Delicious! Do *you* forget that you're public property?

Ventnor. Forgotten, I mean, that we were old friends?

Mrs. Dale. Such old friends! May I remind you that it's nearly twenty years since we've met? Or do you find cold reminiscences indigestible?

Ventnor. On the contrary, I've come to ask you for a dish of them—we'll warm them up together. You're my first visit.

Mrs. Dale. How perfect of you! So few men visit their women friends in chronological order; or at least they generally do it the other way round, beginning with the present day and working back—if there's time—to prehistoric woman.

Ventnor. But when prehistoric woman has become historic woman—?

Mrs. Dale. Oh, it's the reflection of my glory that has guided you here, then?

Ventnor. It's a spirit in my feet that has led me, at the first opportunity, to the most delightful spot I know.

Mrs. Dale. Oh, the first opportunity!

Ventnor. I might have seen you very often before; but never just in the right way.

Mrs. Dale. Is this the right way?

Ventnor. It depends on you to make it so.

Mrs. Dale. What a responsibility! What shall I do?

Ventnor. Talk to me—make me think you're a little glad to see me; give me some tea and a cigarette; and say you're out to every one else.

Mrs. Dale. Is that all? (*She hands him a cup of tea.*) The cigarettes are at your elbow—. And do you think I shouldn't have been glad to see you before?

Ventnor. No; I think I should have been too glad to see *you*.

Mrs. Dale. Dear me, what precautions! I hope you always wear goloshes when it looks like rain, and never by any chance expose yourself to a draught. But I had an idea that poets courted the emotions—

Ventnor. Do novelists?

Mrs. Dale. If you ask *me*—on paper!

Ventnor. Just so; that's safest. My best things about the sea have been written on shore. (*He looks at her thoughtfully.*) But it wouldn't have suited us in the old days, would it?

Mrs. Dale (*sighing*). When we were real people!

Ventnor. Real people?

Mrs. Dale. Are *you*, now? I died years ago. What you see before you is a figment of the reporter's brain—a monster manufactured out of newspaper paragraphs, with ink in its veins. A keen sense of copyright is *my* nearest approach to an emotion.

Ventnor (*sighing*). Ah, well, yes—as you say, we're public property.

Mrs. Dale. If one shared equally with the public! But the last shred of my identity is gone.

Ventnor. Most people would be glad

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to part with theirs on such terms. I have followed your work with immense interest. *Immolation* is a masterpiece. I read it last summer when it first came out.

Mrs. Dale (*with a shade less warmth*). *Immolation* has been out three years.

Ventnor. Oh, by Jove—no? Surely not. But one is so overwhelmed—one loses count. (*Reproachfully*.) Why have you never sent me your books?

Mrs. Dale. For that very reason.

Ventnor (*deprecatingly*). You know I didn't mean it for you! And *my* first book—do you remember—was dedicated to you.

Mrs. Dale. *Silver Trumpets*—

Ventor (*much interested*). Have you a copy still, by any chance? The first edition, I mean? Mine was stolen years ago. Do you think you could put your hand on it?

Mrs. Dale (*taking a small shabby book from the table at her side*). It's here.

Ventnor (*eagerly*). May I have it? Ah, thanks. This is *very* interesting. The last copy sold in London for £40, and they tell me the next will fetch twice as much. It's quite *introuvable*.

Mrs. Dale. I know that. (*A pause. She takes the book from him, opens it, and reads, half to herself*—)

How much we two have seen together,
Of other eyes unwist,
Dear as in days of leafless weather
The willow's saffron mist,

Strange as the hour when Hesper swings
A-sea in beryl green,
While overhead on dalliant wings
The daylight hangs serene,

And thrilling as a meteor's fall
Through depths of lonely sky,
When each to each two watchers call:
I saw it!—So did I.

Ventnor. Thin, thin—the troubadour tinkle. Odd how little promise there is in first volumes!

Mrs. Dale (*with irresistible emphasis*). I thought there was a distinct promise in this!

Ventnor (*seeing his mistake*). Ah—the one you would never let me fulfill? (*Sentimentally*.) How inexorable you were! You never dedicated a book to *me*.

Mrs. Dale. I hadn't begun to write when we were—dedicating things to each other.

Ventnor. Not for the public—but you wrote for me; and, wonderful as you are, you've never written anything since that I care for half as much as—

Mrs. Dale (*interested*). Well?

Ventnor. Your letters.

Mrs. Dale (*in a changed voice*). My letters—do you remember them?

Ventnor. When I don't, I re-read them.

Mrs. Dale (*incredulous*). You have them still?

Ventnor (*unguardedly*). You haven't mine, then?

Mrs. Dale (*playfully*). Oh, *you* were a celebrity already. Of course I kept them! (*Smiling*.) Think what they are worth now! I always keep them locked up in my safe over there. (*She indicates a cabinet*.)

Ventnor (*after a pause*). I always carry yours with me.

Mrs. Dale (*laughing*). You—

Ventnor. Wherever I go. (*A longer pause. She looks at him fixedly*.) I have them with me now.

Mrs. Dale (*agitated*). You—have them with you—now?

Ventnor (*embarrassed*). Why not? One never knows—

Mrs. Dale. Never knows—?

Ventnor (*humorously*). Gad—when the bank-examiner may come round. You forget I'm a married man.

Mrs. Dale. Ah—yes.

Ventnor (*sits down beside her*). I speak to you as I couldn't to any one else—without deserving a kicking. You know how it all came about. (*A pause*.) You'll bear witness that it wasn't till you denied me all hope—

Mrs. Dale (*a little breathless*). Yes, yes—

Ventnor. Till you sent me from you—

Mrs. Dale. It's so easy to be heroic when one is young! One doesn't realize how long life is going to last afterward. (*Musing*.) Nor what weary work it is gathering up the fragments.

Ventnor. But the time comes when one sends for the china-mender, and has the bits riveted together, and turns the cracked side to the wall—

Mrs. Dale. And denies that the article was ever damaged?

Ventnor. Eh? Well, the great thing, you see, is to keep one's self out of

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reach of the housemaid's brush. (*A pause.*) If you're married you can't—always. (*Smiling.*) Don't you hate to be taken down and dusted?

Mrs. Dale (*with intention*). You forget how long ago my husband died. It's fifteen years since I've been an object of interest to anybody but the public.

Ventnor (*smiling*). The only one of your admirers to whom you've ever given the least encouragement!

Mrs. Dale. Say rather the most easily pleased!

Ventnor. Or the only one you cared to please?

Mrs. Dale. Ah, you *haven't* kept my letters!

Ventnor (*gravely*). Is that a challenge? Look here, then! (*He draws a packet from his pocket and holds it out to her.*)

Mrs. Dale (*taking the packet and looking at him earnestly*). Why have you brought me these?

Ventnor. I didn't bring them; they came because I came—that's all. (*Tentatively.*) Are we unwelcome?

Mrs. Dale (*who has undone the packet and does not appear to hear him*). The very first I ever wrote you—the day after we met at the concert. How on earth did you happen to keep it? (*She glances over it.*) How perfectly absurd! Well, it's not a compromising document.

Ventnor. I'm afraid none of them are.

Mrs. Dale (*quickly*). Is it to that they owe their immunity? Because one could leave them about like safety matches?—Ah, here's another I remember—I wrote that the day after we went skating together for the first time. (*She reads it slowly.*) How odd! How *very* odd!

Ventnor. What?

Mrs. Dale. Why, it's the most curious thing—I had a letter of this kind to do the other day, in the novel I'm at work on now—the letter of a woman who is just—just beginning—

Ventnor. Yes—just beginning—?

Mrs. Dale. And, do you know, I find the best phrase in it, the phrase I somehow regarded as the fruit of—well, of all my subsequent discoveries—is simply plagiarized, word for word, from this!

Ventnor (*eagerly*). I told you so! You were all there!

Mrs. Dale (*critically*). But the rest of it's poorly done—very poorly. (*Reads the letter over.*) H'm—I didn't know how to leave off. It takes me forever to get out of the door.

Ventnor (*gayly*). Perhaps I was there to prevent you! (*After a pause.*) I wonder what I said in return?

Mrs. Dale (*interested*). Shall we look? (*She rises.*) Shall we—really? I have them all here, you know. (*She goes toward the cabinet.*)

Ventnor (*following her with repressed eagerness.*) Oh—*all!*

Mrs. Dale (*throws open the door of the cabinet, revealing a number of packets*). Don't you believe me now?

Ventnor. Good heavens! How I must have repeated myself! But then you were so very deaf.

Mrs. Dale (*takes out a packet and returns to her seat. Ventnor extends an impatient hand for the letters*). No—no; wait! I want to find your answer to the one I was just reading. (*After a pause.*) Here it is—yes, I thought so!

Ventnor. What did you think?

Mrs. Dale (*triumphantly*). I thought it was the one in which you quoted *Epipsychidion*—

Ventnor. Mercy! Did I *quote* things? I don't wonder you were cruel.

Mrs. Dale. Ah, and here's the other—the one I—the one I didn't answer—for a long time. Do you remember?

Ventnor (*with emotion*). Do I remember? I wrote it the morning after we heard *Isolde*—

Mrs. Dale (*disappointed*). No—no. *That* wasn't the one I didn't answer! Here—this is the one I mean.

Ventnor (*takes it curiously*). Ah—h'm—this is very like unrolling a mummy—(*he glances at her*)—with a live grain of wheat in it, perhaps?—Oh, by Jove!

Mrs. Dale. What?

Ventnor. Why, this is the one I made a sonnet out of afterward! By Jove, I'd forgotten where that idea came from. You may know the lines perhaps? They're in the fourth volume of my *Complete Edition*—It's the thing beginning

Love came to me with unrelenting eyes—

one of my best, I rather fancy. Of course, here it's very crudely put—the

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values aren't brought out—ah! this touch is good though—very good. H'm, I dare say there might be other material. (*He glances toward the cabinet.*)

Mrs. Dale (*dryly*). The live grain of wheat, as you said!

Ventnor. Ah, well—my first harvest was sown on rocky ground—*now* I plant for the fowls of the air. (*Rising and walking toward the cabinet.*) When can I come and carry off all this rubbish?

Mrs. Dale. Carry it off?

Ventnor (*embarrassed*). My dear lady, surely between you and me explicitness is a burden. You must see that these letters of ours can't be left to take their chance like an ordinary correspondence—you said yourself we were public property.

Mrs. Dale. To take their chance? Do you suppose that, in my keeping, your letters take any chances? (*Suddenly.*) Do mine—in yours?

Ventnor (*still more embarrassed*). Helen—! (*He takes a turn through the room.*) You force me to remind you that you and I are differently situated—that in a moment of madness I sacrificed the only right you ever gave me—the right to love you better than any other woman in the world. (*A pause. She says nothing and he continues, with increasing difficulty—*) You asked me just now why I carried your letters about with me—kept them, literally, in my own hands. Well, suppose it's to be sure of their not falling into some one else's?

Mrs. Dale. Oh!

Ventnor (*throws himself into a chair*). For God's sake don't pity me!

Mrs. Dale (*after a long pause*). Am I dull—or are you trying to say that you want to give me back my letters?

Ventnor (*starting up*). I! Give you back—? God forbid! Your letters? Not for the world! The only thing I have left! But you can't dream that in *my* hands—

Mrs. Dale (*suddenly*). You want yours, then?

Ventnor (*repressing his eagerness*). My dear friend, if I'd ever dreamed that you'd kept them—?

Mrs. Dale (*accusingly*). You *do* want them. (*A pause. He makes a deprecatory gesture.*) Why should they be less safe with me than mine with you? *I* never forfeited the right to keep them.

Ventnor (*after another pause*). It's compensation enough, almost, to have you reproach me! (*He moves nearer to her, but she makes no response.*) You forget that I've forfeited all my rights—even that of letting you keep my letters.

Mrs. Dale. You *do* want them! (*She rises, throws all the letters into the cabinet, locks the door and puts the key in her pocket.*) There's my answer.

Ventnor. Helen—!

Mrs. Dale. Ah, I paid dearly enough for the right to keep them, and I mean to! (*She turns to him passionately.*) Have you ever asked yourself how I paid for it? With what months and years of solitude, what indifference to flattery, what resistance to affection?—Oh, don't smile because I said affection, and not love. Affection's a warm cloak in cold weather; and I *have* been cold; and I shall keep on growing colder! Don't talk to me about living in the hearts of my readers! We both know what kind of a domicile that is. Why, before long I shall become a classic! Bound in sets and kept on the top bookshelf—brr, doesn't that sound freezing? I foresee the day when I shall be as lonely as an Etruscan museum! (*She breaks into a laugh.*) That's what I've paid for the right to keep your letters. (*She holds out her hand.*) And now give me mine.

Ventnor. Yours?

Mrs. Dale (*haughtily*). Yes; I claim them.

Ventnor (*in the same tone*). On what ground?

Mrs. Dale. Hear the man!—Because I wrote them, of course.

Ventnor. But it seems to me that—under your inspiration, I admit—I also wrote mine.

Mrs. Dale. Oh, I don't dispute their authenticity—it's yours I deny!

Ventnor. Mine?

Mrs. Dale. You voluntarily ceased to be the man who wrote me those letters—you've admitted as much. You traded paper for flesh and blood. I don't dispute your wisdom—only you must hold to your bargain! The letters are *all* mine.

Ventnor (*groping between two tones*).

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Your arguments are as convincing as ever. (*He hazards a faint laugh.*) You're a marvelous dialectician—but if we're going to settle the matter in the spirit of an arbitration treaty, why, there are accepted conventions in such cases. It's an odious way to put it, but since you won't help me, one of them is—

Mrs. Dale. One of them is—?

Ventnor. That it is usual—that technically, I mean, the letter—belongs to its writer—

Mrs. Dale (*after a pause*). Such letters as *these?*

Ventnor. Such letters especially—

Mrs. Dale. But you couldn't have written them if I hadn't—been willing to read them. Surely there's more of myself in them than of you.

Ventnor. Surely there's nothing in which a man puts more of himself than in his love-letters!

Mrs. Dale (*with emotion*). But a woman's love-letters are like her child. They belong to her more than to anybody else—

Ventnor. And a man's?

Mrs. Dale (*with sudden violence*). Are all he risks!—There, take them. (*She flings the key of the cabinet at his feet and sinks into a chair.*)

Ventnor (*starts as though to pick up the key; then approaches and bends over her*). Helen—oh, Helen!

Mrs. Dale (*she yields her hands to him, murmuring:*) Paul! (*Suddenly she straightens herself and draws back illuminated.*) What a fool I am! I see it all now. You want them for your memoirs!

Ventnor (*disconcerted*). Helen—

Mrs. Dale (*agitated*). Come, come—the rule is to unmask when the signal's given! You want them for your memoirs.

Ventnor (*with a forced laugh*). What makes you think so?

Mrs. Dale (*triumphantly*). Because *I* want them for mine!

Ventnor (*in a changed tone*). Ah—. (*He moves away from her and leans against the mantelpiece. She remains seated, with her eyes fixed on him.*)

Mrs. Dale. I wonder I didn't see it sooner. Your reasons were lame enough.

Ventnor (*ironically*). Yours were masterly. You're the more accomplished actor of the two. I was completely deceived.

Mrs. Dale. Oh, I'm a novelist. I can keep up that sort of thing for five hundred pages!

Ventnor. I congratulate you. (*A pause.*)

Mrs. Dale (*moving to her seat behind the tea-table*). I've never offered you any tea. (*She bends over the kettle.*) Why don't you take your letters?

Ventnor. Because you've been clever enough to make it impossible for me. (*He picks up the key and hands it to her. Then abruptly*)—*Was* it all acting—just now?

Mrs. Dale. By what right do you ask?

Ventnor. By right of renouncing my claim to my letters. Keep them—and tell me.

Mrs. Dale. I give you back your claim—and I refuse to tell you.

Ventnor (*sadly*). Ah, Helen, if you deceived me, you deceived yourself also.

Mrs. Dale. What does it matter, now that we're both undeceived? I played a losing game, that's all.

Ventnor. Why losing—since all the letters are yours?

Mrs. Dale. The letters? (*Slowly.*) I'd forgotten the letters—

Ventnor (*exultant*). Ah, I knew you'd end by telling me the truth!

Mrs. Dale. The truth? Where *is* the truth? (*Half to herself.*) I thought I was lying when I began—but the lies turned into truth as I uttered them! (*She looks at Ventnor.*) I *did* want your letters for my memoirs—I *did* think I'd kept them for that purpose—and I wanted to get mine back for the same reason—but now (*she puts out her hand and picks up some of her letters, which are lying scattered on the table near her*)—how fresh they seem, and how they take me back to the time when we lived instead of writing about life!

Ventnor (*smiling*). The time when we didn't prepare our impromptu effects beforehand and copyright our remarks about the weather!

Mrs. Dale. Or keep our epigrams in cold storage and our adjectives under lock and key!

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Ventnor. When our emotions weren't worth ten cents a word, and a signature wasn't an autograph. Ah, Helen, after all, there's nothing like the exhilaration of spending one's capital!

Mrs. Dale. Of wasting it, you mean. (*She points to the letters.*) Do you suppose we could have written a word of these if we'd known we were putting our dreams out at interest? (*She sits musing, with her eyes on the fire, and he watches her in silence.*) Paul, do you remember the deserted garden we sometimes used to walk in?

Ventnor. The old garden with the high wall at the end of the village street? The garden with the ruined box-borders and the broken-down arbor? Why, I remember every weed in the paths and every patch of moss on the walls!

Mrs. Dale. Well—I went back there the other day. The village is immensely improved. There's a new hotel with gas-fires, and a trolley in the main street; and the garden has been turned into a public park, where excursionists sit on cast-iron benches admiring the statue of an Abolitionist.

Ventnor. An Abolitionist—how appropriate!

Mrs. Dale. And the man who sold the garden has made a fortune that he doesn't know how to spend—

Ventnor (*rising impulsively*). Helen (*he approaches and lays his hand on her letters*), let's sacrifice our fortune and keep the excursionists out!

Mrs. Dale (*with a responsive movement*). Paul, do you really mean it?

Ventnor (*gayly*). Mean it? Why, I feel like a landed proprietor already! It's more than a garden—it's a park.

Mrs. Dale. It's more than a park, it's a world—as long as we keep it to ourselves!

Ventnor. Ah, yes—even the pyramids look small when one sees a Cook's tourist on top of them! (*He takes the key from the table, unlocks the cabinet and brings out his letters, which he lays beside hers.*) Shall we burn the key to our garden?

Mrs. Dale. Ah, then it will indeed be boundless! (*Watching him while he throws the letters into the fire.*)

Ventnor (*turning back to her with a half-sad smile*). But not too big for us to find each other in?

Mrs. Dale. Since we shall be the only people there! (*He takes both her hands and they look at each other a moment in silence. Then he goes out by the door to the right. As he reaches the door she takes a step toward him, impulsively; then turning back she leans against the chimney-piece, quietly watching the letters burn.*)

GOLD

BY LAURA MARQUAND WALKER

Come this autumn day where sun is shining!
Cross the golden fields with hand in mine!
There is gold to have without the mining,
Filling all our spirits with its shine:
Not a bit of delving in dark places,
Not a bit of envy or of strife;
Golden sunshine in our happy faces,
Naught but gold about us in our life;
Yellow woodland to a russet turning,
Yellow marsh as far as eye can see.
Other thoughts of other riches spurning,
Golden autumn's gold enough for me.

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Comment on Current Books

Novels and Tales

In "The Good Comrade"[1] are narrated the struggles of a girl who comes of a family noted for shifty expedients. The father is a dissipated ne'er-do-well; the mother's one aim in life is to marry off her two handsome daughters advantageously at no matter what cost of principle. The heroine of the book, Julia, the plain one of the three sisters, takes a position as "lady help" in Holland, with the idea of appropriating a valuable bulb in the possession of the family in which she is a trusted helper, her intense desire to gain the wherewithal to wipe off a debt of honor contracted by her father spurring her to this step. Julia resists this temptation, however, but commits another action of doubtful honesty which the man she loves has attempted to do but failed. The ethics of this man, who is represented as "possessing the code of honor of a gentleman," seem peculiar. This is the only weak spot in a story that maintains its hold on the reader throughout. The character-painting is clever, the dialogue natural, and the humor gentle and pleasing.

Among the tales written about the varied manners and customs of our big country, those by Mrs. Helen R. Martin take high rank. "The Betrothal of Elypholate,"[2] although it gives the title to the book, is not the best story. Each one turns upon some strenuous holding to religious conviction, and that conviction among the New Mennonites is unshakable. While in many ways the life of these people is narrow and unlovely, the author never fails to awaken deep sympathy for their errors, and the constant smile aroused by their quaintness has never a spice of malice or contempt in it. The tales are charmingly written and disclose a phase of unusually interesting life.

"Gret," by Beatrice Mantle,[3] has some unusual qualities, both in the setting of the story and in its treatment. The heroine is a girl who is allowed by an absent father and an indifferent mother to make friends among the lumbermen in the big logging camp which her father owns. She obtains an unquestioned influence by mere force of character. Entirely untaught, as far as books or ordinary society might teach her, she understands the human nature she sees, and goes on her untrammeled way happy, imperious, and decidedly a pagan in thought and principle. Into her life, when she is in her girlhood, comes a new element from the city, and she meets men and women of the outside world. The men of the camp have always adored her and guarded her, even though she thought herself independent. Through her acquaintance with the people from the world outside she learns what life and love really mean. She never loses either her truth, her charm, or her paganism, but she learns what pain can be. Altogether the story has a refreshing novelty, and is well worth reading.

A group of grim stories by Jack London[1] deal with the awful struggle between man and relentless nature in the far North. They are unrelieved pictures of misery—the horrors of a frozen world being reflected in the hardships and sorrows of sordid men who are possessed by a fixed idea. The Indian tales are equally vivid, full of restrained power. Jack London certainly has the story-teller's gift, and he uses it to the greatest effect when he tells us of the North.

The delicacy and beauty of Miss Sedgwick's art are aptly symbolized in the cover design of blue gentians on her latest book.[2] It would not be just to imply, however, that there is not a deep pulse of real life in her stories—one that the perfection of her art by no means obscures. "A Fountain Sealed" is a beautiful story, sad with the sorrow suggested by the title. A sweet nature unappreciated, deprived of sunshine, and turned back upon itself is the sad part. The beauty lies in the truth of that nature which never lost its pure and noble sweetness, even though it never opened to the light, like the closed gentian. Miss Sedgwick loves to dwell upon and divide and define the subtle but fundamental differences possible between mother and daughter. Imogen, the daughter of Valerie, could be no other than she was when her father was Everard Upton. There is consummate skill in his portraiture, though in actual presence he is scarcely indicated. His wife, wearied beyond endurance, made her home in England, returning for an annual visit to America to her husband and children, now grown. The situation seems bald, so stated, but the author infuses into it a vibration of almost electric power. The few characters in the story—Jack and Sir Basil, Rose and Eddy, Imogen and her ring of satellites, Mary Colton (who

[1] The Good Comrade. By Una L. Silberrad. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.
[2] The Betrothal of Elypholate. By Helen R. Martin. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.
[3] Gret: The Story of a Pagan. By Beatrice Mantle. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

[1] Love of Life and Other Stories. By Jack London. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.
[2] A Fountain Sealed. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

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loses her name and appears as Miss Osborne later in the book) and the friends of Valerie—all are admirably, and often humorously, drawn. Like "The Rescue," an early novel, or "The Shadow of the House," a more recent one, "The Sealed Fountain" is written for those who love "to define and divide," who love beauty of form and subtlety of distinction. It will add to Miss Sedgwick's already secure reputation, and give much real pleasure to thoughtful readers.

Mrs. Atherton is a courageous writer, facing large problems with undaunted energy. In this book[1] she traces the tendencies concentrated in present people and stretching back to remote progenitors. An Englishman, a Liberal, smarting from defeat in politics, betakes himself to America, where a distant cousin, a young girl, shares to a degree his own temperament and ambitions. The plot is not as simple as it sounds. Wonderful and startling complications arise from the clash or the abandon of men and women who feel themselves free to follow their instincts. The climax is reached in a dramatic scene during the San Francisco earthquake.

Three stories go to make up Mr. MacGrath's volume, the principal character in each being a young man. The first story, "The Best Man,"[2] tells of the moral conflict waged in the soul of a young man, Carrington, who loves the daughter of a multimillionaire, but whose suit has been denied by her ambitious father. By chance, Carrington becomes possessed of knowledge that can bring about the ruin of the plutocrat; the proofs in his hands, the temptation to buy what he so ardently desires with them assails him. But the suppression of this evidence means loss and ruin to many innocent people. The second story is somewhat similar in plot, and the third tells how a young clergyman, looked upon as a milksop, owing to his gentle, conciliatory manner, suddenly astounds his friends by literally proving himself of the church militant.

Stage life and mining scenes fill about equal parts in "Beth Norvell."[3] The heroine, the leading lady in a traveling troupe playing in Western towns, so fascinates Winston, a young mining engineer, that he joins the company to spend his vacation. Many and varied experiences follow, in which the usual rough characters of mining districts, good and bad, play their parts. Some striking situations are evolved, but the high-flown language of the hero and heroine when in peril of their lives on various occasions seems unnatural, and detracts from the effect of several strong scenes.

Mr. Roberts has written an Indian story[1] the scene of which is laid in Newfoundland, "in the days when the world was young." Magicians flourished then who had the ability to make those who offended them take the guise of beasts and birds. Two of these potent beings figure in this volume, one good, the other evil. The "Red Feathers" were bestowed on a young Indian by the good magician, and their wonderful powers help him to withstand many of the spells devised by the evil spirit, his enemy.

Mr. Otis's latest book for boys is a story of sea life in which figure a district messenger boy and an English boy avoiding deportation.[2] Carried off in the hold of a fishing-vessel, they are obliged to work with the crew on being discovered. No very definite idea of sea life is gained from this story; there is a great deal of nautical dialogue in it and very little action.

Mr. Robinson's story[3] tells of the transporting of a girl and boy to a fairy island on a magic raft. Numerous exciting adventures befall them there, leading them into the society of gnomes and other interesting beings; also into Mother Goose's domain, where they encounter well-known friends, such as Tom the Piper's Son, Little Jack Horner, etc.

Nineteenth-Century Poems

This volume[4] is the first to be published although the fourth in logical order in the projected series of four volumes of selected English poems. Professor Bronson points out that from the principle on which the present volume, at least, has been prepared, it is not an anthology, or collection of best poems. The idea is rather to gather together in one volume of moderate compass poems that shall "illustrate the different periods and phases of the work of individual poets and the rise, growth, and decline of schools of poetry." The intention of the entire series is for use in college classes, but it is evident at a glance that the work should prove acceptable for the general reader's library shelf. One is rather surprised at the small number of poets whose work is included—only twenty-two are represented—but the excellence of the selection of individual poems is beyond dis-

[1] Ancestors. By Gertrude Atherton. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.75.
[2] The Best Man. By Harold MacGrath. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.
[3] Beth Norvell. By Randall Parrish. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.50.

[1] The Red Feathers. By Theodore Roberts. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $1.50.
[2] Aboard the Hylow on Sable Island Bank. By James Otis. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.
[3] The Golden Palace of Neverland. By Will Robinson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.
[4] English Poems. Selected and Edited by Walter C. Bronson, Litt.D. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $1.50, net.

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pute. American writers are not included. The other volumes will include, respectively: the first, Old English poems in translation, Middle English poems, specimens of the pre-Elizabethan drama, and old ballads; the second, the Elizabethan and Caroline periods; the third, the period of the Restoration and the eighteenth century.

Race Prejudice This volume[1] purports to be a scientific inquiry into the race problem with special application in the closing chapters to the negro problem in the United States. There is no indication that the author has made any original investigations, but there is abundant evidence that he has made a very careful study of the investigations of others as they are recorded in a somewhat extensive literature bearing upon this subject. He takes up the various arguments for the inequality of the races as based on physiological characteristics, such as the color of the skin, the shape and weight of the brain, the texture of the hair, etc., and gives at very considerable length the testimony of the authorities upon these and kindred questions. In this respect and to this extent the book is scholarly and scientific. But it lacks the scientific temper. The object of the author, frankly avowed alike in his introduction and in his conclusion, is to establish the following thesis: "The conclusion, therefore, forces itself on us that there are no inferior and superior races, but only races and peoples living outside or within the influence of culture. The appearance of civilization and its evolution among certain white peoples and within a certain geographical latitude is only the effect of circumstances." The author writes, not as a scientist investigating without prejudice or predisposition an interesting scientific problem, but as an advocate searching literature for evidence in support of his predetermined conclusion. He makes out a strong case for his conclusion. The book is one which must be reckoned with by all those who advocate the doctrine of ineradicable differences between the white and the colored races, and even by those who advocate not eradicating them even if they are eradicable. But the impartial student will lay down this volume wondering whether an advocate of the opposite thesis might not find in literature evidence to substantiate his own claim, and he will wonder whether the author has been an impartial sifter or even an impartial interpreter of the witnesses whose testimony he cites. Upon some questions of fact, with which the writer of this paragraph is familiar, the author has certainly failed to tell the whole truth with impartiality. Thus, his report of the opposition in the South to negro education is true, but it is not the whole truth. He absolutely ignores the fact that the Southern States have expended millions of dollars for the education of the negroes in free schools, and have successfully resisted every attempt to limit that education by appropriating to negro education only the proceeds of negro taxation. His statement that the complexion of the negro race has singularly paled and the features of the negroes have become modified in America is true, but how far these changes are due to the effect of civilization and environment and how far to intermixture with the white race he does not even consider. It is certain that there are in America not a few highly educated negroes whose skin is as black as that of the blackest native African. So he who has visited Jamaica and talked with Jamaica negroes, and had an opportunity to compare their progress with that made by negroes in the United States, will doubt the somewhat glowing picture of the progress of the Africans in Jamaica since 1838, and he will perhaps wonder why the author has nothing to say respecting the degree of civilization reached by the negro in Hayti. So again the reader rather wonders at the rapidity with which the writer's conclusions are formed when he finds on page 103, "It seems therefore *probable* that color is often but an unconscious adaptation to the conditions of the *milieu*," and on page 104, "Under these conditions it *cannot be doubted* that color is the direct effect of the *milieu*." Moreover, it must be added that the scientific question whether race distinctions can be eradicated by intermarriage, and the question as to whether it is best to eradicate them in the United States, are two very different questions. If our author is right in his assertion that "it is cross-breeding which finally levels all the types created by the *milieu*," it is at least permitted to question whether the Anglo-Saxon race in this country will find such a leveling process desirable in the present condition of our national civilization. To the question which the author puts as the title of Part V. of his book dealing with the negro question, "Are there peoples condemned to remain eternally inferior to others?" The Outlook gives, of course, a decided and emphatic negative, but it may nevertheless be desirable to maintain for the present, and it may even be desirable to retain for all time, the race distinctions without involving thereby any recognition of race inferiority. While recognizing these drawbacks, we commend this book to the thoughtful consideration of all students of

[1] Race Prejudice. By Jean Finot. Translated by Florence Wade-Evans. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3, net.

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the race problem. It is far from furnishing a solution of that problem, but it throws no inconsiderable amount of light upon it.

Sacerdotal Celibacy

In these volumes[1] the distinguished historian of the Inquisition brings up to date a work unique in English literature, which first appeared forty-three years ago, and in a second edition twenty years later. It belongs to the history of civilization, on which the prohibition of marriage to ecclesiastics had an effect not only sterilizing, but morally debasing to society, as innumerable documents attest. It is non-controversial history, content with a record of facts, a painstaking research for which appears in the copious citations of authorities, mainly ecclesiastical, bearing witness of enormous evils. Beginning with the few traces of asceticism found in the New Testament, Dr. Lea shows that it was not till the fourth century that the Latin Church began, as the Greek Church has never done, to enforce upon its priesthood that imitation of paganism of which the Vestal virgins of Rome are the example widest known. The story of the struggle for complete enforcement of it, never entirely successful except during the brief paroxysm of severity under Pope Gregory VII. in the eleventh century, is related with large detail of its fortune in the several nations of Europe. The futility of a fifteen centuries' struggle against the nature of things appears throughout the narrative, and is emphasized by the scandalous conditions reported in Italy and in Latin America during the latter part of the nineteenth century. Throughout all these centuries the Church has been more tolerant of concubinage than of marriage among her clergy. Gleams of wisdom were not wholly wanting. A bishop in the thirteenth century, a cardinal in the fifteenth, urged return to the liberty of the early ages, but even in the nineteenth century an Italian monk was imprisoned for repeating the suggestion. "*Semper eadem!*" The republication of this monumental work is timely for the new crisis which the apparent irreformability of the Vatican seems to be bringing on.

This Mystical Life

The fundamental principle of Christianity, the child-of-God idea, is thoroughly applied by Mr. Trine in various lines of thought. The peace and the power that grow from the steadfast union of the human will with the divine; the energizing of the physical by the spiritual life; thought and will and faith as efficient forces in the universe, are concepts characteristic of his teaching. It has communicated an uplift to many, and the present volume[1] consists of selections from his other books topically arranged for every week in the year.

History of the Christian Church

One of the tasks of the modern historian is to secure a juster appreciation of the period which a century of superior illumination has been wont to treat too contemptuously as "the Dark Ages." The two hundred and fifty years covered by this volume,[2] comprising "the middle period of the Middle Ages," dating from the accession of the Hildebrandian popes in 1049, present, says its author, "a certain imposing grandeur of conception and of faith, as shown in the Crusades, the cathedrals, the scholastic system, and even the mistaken ideal of papal supremacy"—the last named, whatever its mischievous consequences, having been at the time the preferable alternative to military despotism. Here also some of the noblest characters in Christian history stand forth—Francis d'Assisi, for instance; Raymond Lull, the great missionary; Hugh and Robert Grosseteste, bishops of Lincoln. Amidst the evils of that time appears "a spectacle of stirring devotion to religious aims in thought and conduct." Here was also a seed-plot of ideas and institutions now in bloom. For adequate insight into Roman Catholic ideas and institutions, and into the Protestant revolt from them, full enlightenment must be sought in the history of this period. The present volume carries forward the work which our greatest church historian left unfinished at his death in 1893. Partly based on bequeathed materials, but largely an independent work from the hand of his son, it is conspicuous for the qualities which secured to his father international fame.

Love Affairs of Literary Men

The color scheme and literary flavor of "Lavender and Old Lace," a former book by Myrtle Reed, seem to be of peculiarly permanent quality. In the present volume[3] the author continues upon the course that she has departed from but once, and that on a most surprising and delightful excursion. "The Book of Clever Beasts" was so witty, so clever in its irony, and so unlike the other writings of Miss Reed that it must have astonished even herself. This dainty lavender-covered volume, with marginal lines, tinted portraits, and titles in red ink,

[1] History of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church. By Henry Charles Lea, LL.D., S.T.D. (Third Edition, Revised.) In 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5, net.

[1] This Mystical Life of Ours. By Ralph Waldo Trine. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1, net. Postage, 10c.

[2] History of the Christian Church. By Philip Schaff. Vol. V. Part I. By David S. Schaff, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.25, net. Postage additional.

[3] Love Affairs of Literary Men. By Myrtle Reed. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50, net.

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is a collection of more or less well-known facts, retold in pleasant fashion. The love affairs of Swift, Pope, Johnson, Sterne, Cowper, Carlyle, Poe, Shelley, and Keats, accompanied by the portraits of the actors and sufferers, make up a book that will find favor among the many whose appetite prefers entrées to joints.

Another Book about Mary Queen of Scots

The fascination of the story of the unhappy Mary Stuart continues to urge the publication of book after book on various phases of her life or on the still disputed points in the mystery of her personal life and of her political intrigues and those of her adherents. Mr. Cowan, who has already, if we are not mistaken, written on this general subject, now gives us "The Last Days of Mary Stuart,"[1] largely founded on the journal of Bourgoyne, who was physician to the Queen of Scots. Much of this journal has not before been published, at least in popular form, and it certainly goes far to establish the innocence of Queen Mary as regards any connection with a plot against the life of Elizabeth. Moreover, the journal was the work of a man of gossipy intellect of something the same type as that of Boswell and Pepys, and consequently it is often entertaining, and constantly gives close at hand views of the domestic life of Mary's court.

A Tuscan Childhood

The middle child in a family of seven, Lisi Cipriani assures us that she was considered uninteresting. However that may have been, the vivacious, graphic, and delightfully simple narrative[2] she writes is far from uninteresting. Born of an ancient Florentine family to social and material ease, the little girl and her brothers and sisters were thoroughly tended and trained by Italian and English nurses and German tutors. The peculiar beauty of the record is its evident truth. The author just writes what she remembers, and, recalling her childish feelings, is gifted with the skill to leave them unchanged by mature experiences. The Cipriani children had the sort of life and training that is quite unknown in America, and a great loss it is to us. The exposition of the theories held by the mother and carried out somewhat ruthlessly upon the children; the perfectly natural imagination indulged by the little girl, her unconscious, childish cruelty, the touches of humor and pathos, the alternate unquestioning submission to authority and absolute rebellion against tyranny—every detail in the book is so perfectly set in its place and so well told that one feels a new and pleasant sensation in its perusal.

Religion and Historic Faiths

This volume of lectures[1] given in Berlin last winter aims to present compactly the results of the historical study of religion and religions. From an introductory consideration of the essence of religion, and of its relations to ethics and to science, it proceeds to characterize the historical religions, exhibiting the peculiar features of each, and their points of contact and of difference. In Christianity Dr. Pfleiderer finds the Greek and the Jewish ideas of God brought together; it is the synthesis of the æsthetic-contemplative religions of India and Greece with the purposive and energetic religions of Zarathustra and the Hebrew prophets. Viewing all religions as looking toward salvation, however variously conceived, he holds that "the Christian belief in salvation gathered up in itself all the truth contained in the religions and the philosophies of its time." The central thing in Christianity is "the child-of-God idea," of which Jesus is the embodiment. The central thing in religion is "attachment to God through the will." This ethical interest, the "realization of the ethical-social ideals" of Jesus, Dr. Pfleiderer treats as the vital kernel within the husk of temporary dogmas. His just emphasis on the ethical element in the New Testament does not make full amends for an over-emphasis on the legendary.

The Campaign of Santiago de Cuba

The author of these three volumes,[2] which furnish the first thorough and complete account of the war between the United States and the Spanish in Cuba, served as colonel of a volunteer regiment during that war and later on took a part in the military operations in the Philippines. He has issued other books relating to military campaigns, and is evidently well fitted professionally and technically for the important task he has here undertaken. We should say that his volumes were directed rather to the student of tactics, strategy, and military history than to the general reader, but it is undoubtedly of positive national value to have put into compact and well-proportioned narrative form the main facts carefully gathered from public documents and records both here and in Spain. There are many maps and ample indexes and appendices.

[1] The Last Days of Mary Stuart. By Samuel Cowan. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $3, net.
[2] A Tuscan Childhood. By Lisi Cipriani. The Century Company, New York. $1 25, net. Postage 12c. extra.

[1] Religion and Historic Faiths. By Otto Pfleiderer, D.D. Translated from the German by Daniel A. Huebsch, Ph.D. (Authorized Edition.) B. W. Huebsch, New York. $1.50.
[2] The Campaign of Santiago de Cuba. By Herbert H. Sargent. In 3 vols. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

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Letters to The Outlook

ORIENTAL IMMIGRATION

I.

I read with regret the stand you have taken in your editorial upon "Oriental Immigration" in your issue of September 21.

1. You say you are opposed to the protective system; but so long as it is in effect upon some things, it is best to have it more thorough. In other words, if we have a bad thing, it is better to have a great deal of it. If prohibition (so-called protection) applied to goods is bad for the country, it is also bad when applied to labor which produces goods.

2. When you say that the United States has a right to determine what sort of people shall come to this territory, in my opinion you are on false ground. What right have we to wall off a part of God's earth and say to others, who need its opportunities worse than we do, that they shall not come in? Apply this rule to others. The Indians were here first. Had they any right to bar out immigrants, even though those immigrants dispossessed them of their very sources of life and sustenance? Have British landholders a right to wall off thousands and thousands of acres of fertile land and keep it for a park, while many of their fellow-men are suffering for food that that land would raise?

Do you claim that because certain owners have title to coal lands they have a right to shut down their mines and leave them unworked, although millions are suffering for fuel? The fact is, as you taught us during the coal strike, that land was given to men to use for the benefit of their fellow-men. We who have come first to this country have no right to live in luxury upon it and bar out others who need the produce of its fertile acres. While it is possible that we might have a right to exclude the vicious, although that point is open to argument, still it can never be true that we have a right to "exclude one who will prove an uncongenial resident." And exclusion of the needy simply because they are "uncongenial" does not show a Christlike spirit.

Chicago, Illinois. F. H. TUTHILL.

II.

There are some errors of fact in the article entitled "Oriental Immigration" which appeared in The Outlook of September 21, 1907. Those errors were no doubt unavoidable, owing to the circumstance that many and varied misconceptions prevail both in Europe and America as regards Japan's international relation and the position of foreigners in Japan; but the vital point of grievance as expressed by the organs of public opinion in Japan has remained unnoticed in that article.

The grievance of the Japanese press is based on the fundamental principle of international law that no discrimination can be exercised by one state against another without giving a just ground for offense. Even in regard to the comparatively unimportant question of import tariff, or tonnage, harbor, pilotage, or lighthouse dues, a nation whose merchandise or shipping is discriminated against without its consent has a grievance which will have to be internationally adjusted. The right of citizens to travel in the territories of other countries is regarded by all states as a matter of great importance and one closely bound up with the dignity of the state to which such citizens owe allegiance. While, on the one hand, the absolute right of a state to exclude citizens of any given state cannot be denied, there remains, on the other hand, the question whether discrimination can be exercised without giving offense to a friendly Power. Whether the United States has the power to exclude a certain class of Japanese from her territories is one question. Whether that attribute of sovereignty can be exercised in a discriminatory manner without giving just ground of offense to the people of Japan is quite another question.

The grievance of the Japanese people as manifested in the San Francisco school incident was not the segregation of school-children in itself. The claim of the Japanese was that they were entitled in international law, apart from the stipulations of the treaty, to precisely the same school facilities that were given to the children of English, German, or French parentage. The question of tentative restraint on the immigration of Japanese laboring classes into this country stands on the same footing, for the same measures of restriction which apply to Japanese immigrants do not apply to Italians, Hungarians, Russians, Turks, Armenians, etc., who come into this country from the Atlantic seaboard. In considering the question of Oriental immigration, the cardinal point should not be lost sight of that in the intercourse of nations, as in the relation of individuals, discrimination carries with it an odium and a stigma, and is justly resented by the nation or individual against which discrimination is exercised.

As you truly point out, the United States has the right to determine what sort of

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people it shall admit to its territory and what sort it shall bar out. For example, the United States may prescribe age limitation, property qualification, or educational attainments of immigrants, provided such limitation applies equally to citizens of all nations. Manifestly this country cannot enact a law excluding French laborers without giving offense to France. Nor could you, without giving offense to Germany, enact a measure of exclusion which applies to Germans and not to Englishmen and Frenchmen. The fact is that the measure of exclusion which is universal in its application will give no offense to anybody. A measure of exclusion which is directed against the citizens of a particular country is offensive, and will justly be resented by any self-respecting nation.

Turning now to a few errors of fact which have crept into your article, the first point to be noted is the assumption that there exists a treaty between Japan on the one side and the "*British Empire*" on the other. It is contended, for example, that "Australia is a portion of the British Empire, which has not only a treaty but an alliance with Japan." The country which has both a commercial treaty and a treaty of alliance with Japan is "the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," and not the British Empire. In fact, Article 19 of the Treaty of Commerce and Navigation, signed at London on July 16, 1894, between Japan and Great Britain, expressly provides that—

> The stipulations of the present treaty shall be applicable, so far as the laws permit, to all the colonies and foreign possessions of her Britannic Majesty, *excepting to those hereinafter named;* that is to say, except to India, the Dominion of Canada, Newfoundland, The Cape Natal, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, South Australia, Western Australia, and New Zealand.

After the conclusion of that treaty, Newfoundland, Natal, and Queensland assumed the rights and duties under that treaty by formal acts of adhesion.

The circumstances under which Canada joined in that treaty were very aptly described by the Premier of Canada in a reply which was sent by him on September 24, 1907, to the Canadian union men who asked for the abrogation of that treaty.

In that reply Sir Wilfrid Laurier said:

> I would observe that this treaty, when brought into existence some fifteen years ago, did not apply to Canada, and that some few years ago, in response to the repeated expressions of public opinion, and with a view to affording to Canadian producers an opportunity of taking their share of Japanese trade, the Canadian Government became a party to this treaty and that it was unanimously ratified by the Canadian Parliament.
>
> The treaty has proved of great advantage, and our trade with Japan under it has considerably increased.

The next point on which you will permit me to offer some observation is the following statement contained in your article:

> Indeed, Japan has a more stringent law against American laborers than the United States ever had against the Japanese. By an Imperial ordinance Japan excludes from every part of its territory, except the foreign settlements and mixed residential districts, all foreign laborers, unless they have the special permission of the administrative authorities.

This depicts the state of things which Japan was compelled to maintain so long as she was debarred from exercising civil and criminal jurisdiction over persons and property of foreigners residing in Japan. On July 17, 1899, when the set of new treaties concluded by Japan with America and the countries of Europe went into effect, the consular jurisdiction exercised by each of the Powers was abolished, the so-called foreign settlements were incorporated with the respective Japanese municipalities, and the circumscribing line of what was called the "mixed residential quarter" was effaced from the map of Japanese communes. Since July, 1899, there has been no more "foreign settlement" or "mixed residential quarter" in Japan than there is an Italian, Irish, Hungarian, or Polish settlement in New York. By the opening of the whole Empire of Japan to the residence and trade of foreigners in pursuance of treaties which then went into operation, the whole Empire of Japan without exception has become a "mixed residential district." There is not a city, a town, or a village in Japan to which an American or any other citizen of a treaty power is not admitted. The economic condition in the interior of Japan would probably be such that an average American laborer would find it hard to earn his living; but there is absolutely no *legal* impediment to his going there. Equality between foreigners and Japanese in whatever relates to right of residence and travel and the means of earning livelihood; equality before the law in the assertion and defense of rights; equality before the burden of taxation, are some of the basic principles upon which the new treaties of Japan are based. When intelligent people speak to-day of the foreign settlements and the mixed residential district in Japan, it simply shows how the image of the past can linger in the mind of man after a new order of things has replaced an archaic régime.

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[Our first correspondent denies the right of a government to determine who may come into the territory under its control and on what conditions they may come. This is not, in our judgment, a debatable question.

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All passport laws, alien laws, immigration laws, naturalization laws, assume this right. It is essential to sovereignty. It is a part of the right of self-protection. It is as vital to the nation as the right of the householder to determine who may come upon his land or into his house is to the householder. Our second correspondent does not deny this right, but affirms that any discrimination against any particular nation is a just cause of offense, and "will be justly resented by any self-respecting nation." Assuming his statement of facts to be correct, they emphasize the incorrectness of his position and the correctness of ours. The fact that in her treaty with Great Britain Japan consented that its stipulations should not be applicable to India, Canada, etc., shows conclusively that she did not resent the claim of the colonies of Great Britain to exclude Japanese from their territories. The fact that formerly Japan excluded foreign laborers from portions of her own territory shows that she assumed that she might do so without giving just cause of offense, and the fact that changed conditions have led her to abandon exclusion does not indicate that she abandons her right to re-establish it if she should think that her interests require her so to do.—THE EDITORS.]

MORE ABOUT THE "GENTLE ART"

Some months ago there appeared in The Outlook an article by Mr. McFarland which seemed to prove the "Gentle Art of Killing Fish" to be a most ungentle art indeed. I was greatly interested in the article, and was disappointed that so little general discussion of the matter was provoked. If you will allow me the space, I should like to say more on the subject now in this autumn season, when many a man is spending or planning to spend his vacation in God's out-of-doors killing game or fish.

If you get a fisherman to discuss the ethics of his art, he will probably make three points:

First. Fish form a valuable article of diet.

Second. Fish are cold-blooded, and do not feel.

Third. Man is refreshed by fishing.

On the first point Mr. McFarland proved conclusively that the amateur fisherman does not fish for food, but for the joy of matching his skill against that of the fish. Tarpon-fishing is considered the acme of good sport by fishermen, but the tarpon is never eaten. As to the second point, Mr. McFarland told a number of incidents to prove that fish *do feel*, but his article called forth several letters to the editor full of arguments on the other side. Now some of these arguments seemed to me quite as telling as those of Mr. McFarland, and I can only feel that neither side has really proved its case. One thing is quite certain, however: it is not an established fact that fish are insensible to pain, and in the absence of conclusive proof on this point we have no right to assume them so. It is a matter of life and death to the fish, and we should, in all fairness, give them the benefit of the doubt.

But it is of the third point and highest aspect of the subject that I wish especially to speak. Mr. McFarland put in his plea for the fish, and he did it extremely well. I wish to put in a plea for the man. Now, man is obviously the most important creature on the earth, and the lower creation, like the Sabbath, was made for him. Like the Sabbath, however, it was not made for man to abuse, but for him to use in the way best calculated to develop his own character. Mr. McFarland proved that in the struggle between the man and the fish the odds were all against the fish, and the match manifestly unfair. I deny that it can really benefit the spirit of a man to get his pleasure in this unfair method. That which benefits him is what fishing has in common with other sport, but there is an element in fishing (and of course in hunting to an even greater degree) that does not make for his highest welfare, for to get pleasure out of these things he must ignore the rights of the fish, and so blunt his sense of fairness, and he must shut up his heart to the death-agony of inferior creatures over whom God has given him power.

Looking back over the field of history, we see that what is considered good sport by one age is often called cruelty by a more enlightened generation. The gladiatorial combats could not endure the searching light of Christianity. Bull-fights, cock-fights, pigeon-shooting, and other once legitimate forms of amusement have had their day, and this is so because we are learning to see more clearly that true sport demands perfect fairness, and that our pleasures ought not to be at the cost of pain to any living creature. I firmly believe that some day hunting and fishing will be classed with these bygone kinds of amusement.

Let the business man take his recreation in the country—in the fields or woods, or on the water, enjoying all these blessings to the uttermost and gaining health and refreshment to take back to his city task. Let him forget his cares in the keen joys of sport, and match his muscles and his skill with those of his peers, or with the elements. And if he reply that there is a certain joy and conse-

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quent refreshment in fishing that he can get from no other form of outdoor amusement, I can only answer that the price is too high, for pleasure that involves suffering will inevitably dull a man's finer sensibilities and render him less fit to answer the highest call of life. C. W. B.

FOR THE CHILDREN IN CHINA

It is true that the missionary must make sacrifices, but the people of the churches have no right to require him to make unnecessary sacrifices which they themselves would be unwilling to make. It is not fair for the churches, in sending men and women to a distant land, to condemn them either to a permanent separation from their children or to the necessity of seeing their children grow up in ignorance. In China the missionaries have been condemned to face this alternative. Some have tried to escape by teaching their children at home, or by engaging some kind of instruction through tutors. The rest have, at great cost, boldly decided to let their homes be broken, and their children taken thousands of miles away to school, to grow up strangers to their parents. To escape from their dilemma, missionaries in China, without regard to denomination, have for more than a year been supporting—largely unaided—a school for their children at Kuling, Central China. It is so situated that the children may, at least occasionally, renew acquaintance with their parents wherever they might be in China. It has become evident, however, as was expected, that the missionaries themselves cannot maintain this school without help. The Rev. F. E. Meigs, M.A., who is President of the Union Christian College of Nankin, China, is in this country for a short time in the interest of this school. Letters addressed to him at 156 Fifth Avenue, Room 808, New York City, will reach him. We have no doubt that as soon as the churches and philanthropists generally recognize their responsibility in this matter, they will meet it adequately. M.

AN ELIHU BURRITT MEMORIAL

Permit us to call your attention to the fact that the citizens of New Britain are planning to erect a suitable memorial to their distinguished townsman, Elihu Burritt, with whose linguistic attainments and philanthropic endeavors you are doubtless familiar.

Fifty years before the first Hague Conference was called, this Connecticut scholar was going up and down the world advocating a permanent international tribunal as the only adequate substitute for war. His plea for a "High Court of Nations" made at Brussels, at Paris, and at Frankfort in 1848, '49, and '50, is familiar to many persons who are to-day promoting the Interparliamentary Union and other agencies for a better international understanding. It is this international character of Mr. Burritt's services which the people of New Britain seek to commemorate, and toward which the many nationalities represented in the population of this city are contributing.

Mr. Burritt's services in behalf of better popular education, of the emancipation of the slaves, and of other domestic reforms were signal, but it was as a pioneer in the effort to bring the nations into closer relations by means of a cheaper ocean postage and the establishment of an International Tribunal that his services were most distinguished. It is for this reason that the committee ventures to ask the co-operation of all persons interested in any or all of Mr. Burritt's varied activities.

It is natural that this memorial should be erected in his native town, though his work had far more than local or temporary significance, and seems to demand, at this era of the world, wider recognition than it could receive from the people merely of his own town or State.

The names and addresses of the contributors (the amount not mentioned) will be kept in the Burritt Memorial Book, to be placed in the New Britain Public Library. It is hoped that the list may not only be a long but a significant one, including many nationalities and the names of many persons now identified with the causes for which Mr. Burritt worked with fine prophetic feeling.

All contributions, however slight, will be gratefully appreciated as expressions of interest, and may be sent—in any form most convenient to the sender—to the treasurer, Mr. George S. Talcott, to the assistant treasurer, Miss Harriet C. Bliss, or to any member of the committee.

THE BURRITT MEMORIAL AUXILIARY COMMITTEE.
(Mrs. F. H.) Annie S. Churchill, Secretary.

A CORRECTION

Two slips crept into the article on Pastor Wagner. "Youth" was not published in 1903, but about 1893. I cannot now verify the date. Professor Jalabert is not dean of the Protestant Faculty of Paris, but the former dean of a provincial law faculty at Nancy. O. A.

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